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A TRIP TO KILKENNY.

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Elstob (Mark)
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TRIP

TO

KILKENNY,

FROM *DURHAM.*

by Elstob

BY WAY OF

WHITEHAVEN AND *DUBLIN,*

IN THE YEAR MDCCLXXVI.

CONTAINING

Remarks on the ſituations and diſtances of places; ——the cuſtoms and manners of the people, interſperſed with ſhort digreſſions,——and ſome obſervations on the climate, productions, and curioſities of Ireland.

In a SERIES of LETTERS to a FRIEND.

DUBLIN:
PRINTED BY J. HILLARY,
FOR THE COMPANY OF BOOKSELLERS.

MDCCLXXIX.

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PREFACE.

THE letters which gave birth to this little book, were principally intended to amuſe a near relation: But thoſe letters not being confined to one hand, nor even to a few hands, they in a little time became almoſt a public manuſcript.—Some requeſted, and all approved of, their publication.—This was a motive power ſufficient to act upon any bookiſh machine. I therefore ſet to work, reciting many paſſages verbatim, retaining others in their original ſtyle, leaving out ſuch as I imagined to be trifling or trite, and weaving in other materials that were judged more uſeful and entertaining; and, through the

whole, I have purpoſely preſerved the primitive addreſs, as well as the original familiarity of ſtyle: But the deſcription relative to ſculpture, architecture, and painting, are almoſt entirely omitted, as theſe may be ſeen in Mr. Twiſs's tour in Ireland.

MARK ELSTOB.

SHOTTON,
Aug. 7, 1778.

CONTENTS.

CONTENTS.

LETTER I. *From Durham to Whitehaven*, page 9
—— II. *Whitehaven* 26
—— III. *From Whitehaven to Skerries in Ireland.* — 33
—— IV. *Skerries in Ireland* 38
—— V. *Skerries continued* — 54
—— VI. *A general account of Ireland;—its diviſions, ſubdiviſions or counties, pariſhes, meaſures, coins, &c.* 61
—— VII. *From Skerries to Dublin* 71
—— VIII. *Dublin, the capital of Ireland* 76
—— IX. *Dublin continued* 89
—— X. *Dublin continued* — 102
—— XI. *Kilkenny ſtage-coach* — 107
—— XII. *Kilkenny ſtage-coach continued* 117
—— XIII. *Kilkenny.* — — 124
—— XIV. *A deſcription of the caverns near Kilkenny* — 138
—— XV. *Farther remarks and occurrences in the county of Kilkenny, Whiteboys, &c.* — 148

LETTER

LETTER XVI. *Miscellaneous observations—On the peculiar customs of the Irish, &c.* — — 158

—— XVII. *Wales* — — 172

A TRIP

A TRIP TO KILKENNY, in 1776.

LETTER I.

From DURHAM to WHITEHAVEN.

DEAR SIR,

YOU know it to be a regular and eſtabliſhed Maxim among Journaliſts, to ſet out with ſome information of the buſineſs they went upon, or the chief deſign of their travelling: I ſhould have complied with the ſettled form, had not prudence ſtood in the way, and oppoſed my intention. A little timidity would have been but a feeble obſta-

cle in the way of cuſtom, could I have made an introduction of that ſort either intereſting or entertaining to you, and, in the account, included none but myſelf; but neither of theſe could be done. I will therefore paſs on, with this hint to you, that, as I had but a ſingle day's warning of my departure, I was, in every reſpect, unprepared for making ſuch remarks as ſhould be the moſt proper, and moſt eſſential matter of a journal. However you will have this agreeable conſolation—The labour of reading will be but ſmall, and the time thrown away but very little:—For I ſolemnly proteſt I will not encumber my mind long with it,—juſt model off what I can beſt remember, and what I found myſelf moſt entertained with; preſuming you, and others of the ſame congeniality, will find

find ſome entertainment from the reflected view, which I ſhall hold out to you.

At my ſetting out I had not the leaſt deſign of committing any thing to paper but my expences: But I was ſoon induced, by the variety of ſcenes and objects which came in my way, to ſtep out of this narrow track. Indeed I often got too far out of it; for, by being too attentive to the different ſcenery around me, I ſometimes forgot to note down my diſburſements.

You will remember I mentioned to you, that I left Durham October the 2d, in my way to Whitehaven. You will alſo recollect, that I told you I had made ſome few remarks in the road to Whitehaven. It will

now, perhaps, be proper to add, that the firſt memorandums I made, were the diſtances and names of places through and near which we paſſed. And, as it will, I believe, be moſt agreeable, as well as render what follows more intelligible, if I give you a previous idea of my firſt route, I ſhall therefore preſent you with the following itinerant Synopſis, where the figures ſhew the *poſt* miles in each ſtage, or from one ſtage-town to another, and thoſe places which have no figures affixed, are the intermediate places between the reſpective ſtages.

From *Durham* to *Biſhop-Auckland* 10
St. Andrew-Auckland, on the left
Bruſſelton Folly, on the left
St. Helen-Auckland
Weſt-Auckland

Raby

Raby
Raby Caſtle, on the right
Stainthorp
To *Barnardcaſtle* — — 15
Bowes
To *Brough* — — 17
Brough Hill
Bondgate
Appleby Caſtle
Appleby
Kirkindrof
Kirby-Fuer
Temple-Sowerby
Eden-Bridge
Counteſs's Pillar
Carlton Hall, on the right
Yeoman Bridge
To *Penrith* — — 22
Hutton Moor
Saddle Hill, on the right
Hutton

To *Keſwick*	—	18
Skiddaw Hill, on the right		
Baſſenthwaite Water, on the right		
Lorton, on the left		
To *Cockermouth*	—	12
To *Whitehaven*	—	14
Poſt-miles from *Durham* to *Whitehaven*,		108

The firſt night after my ſetting out from Durham, I ſlept at Barnard-caſtle. This town conſiſts of little more than one principal ſtreet, which runs North and South, nearly. The houſes are built chiefly of free-ſtone, and covered with dark-blue ſlate. The market-croſs is remarkably large; it was built at the ſole expence of the late Thomas Breakes, Eſq.—Some remains

remains of the caſtle are yet to be ſeen.

Next morning (October the 3d) I ſet off for Brough. In paſſing over Stainmoor, which is a large, level, barren Moor, I found the air exceedingly cold. When I came to Brough, I aſked the miſtreſs of the White-Swan Inn—Whether ſhe found the day any colder than yeſterday: But ſhe aſſured me it was rather warmer. Indeed to me the day had much the ſame appearance as the preceding day, only I felt the air, on the Moor, much more piercing and cold.—The Moor is very extenſive, and the ſituation is nearly upon a level with the adjacent encloſures; from which it appears, that the exceſſive cold muſt be the effect of one, or a combination

on of the three following cauſes. *Firſt*, The matter of cold, which adheres to the particles of the air, and is carried about with them, not meeting with any interpoſition from hedges, or other fences, is not daſhed off, nor diminiſhed, but perhaps rather encreaſed; and, by theſe means, the floating particles become more denſe and fixt, and conſequently more cold. *Second*, The matter of cold may be greatly encreaſed by the exhalations from the particular quality of the ſoil. *Third*, The momentum of the air, &c. will be much greater than in incloſures, from its meeting with no obſtacle to retard its motion.—Theſe were the thoughts that firſt occurred to me on reflecting on the phænomenon, and I have given them as entire and genuine as

my

my memory could diſpenſe them. If any one of more learning and knowledge of theſe matters finds out other cauſes, I ſhall yet retain ſome hope that they will not be ſuch as entirely to ſuperſede thoſe I have ſhewn above.

A few miles from Barnardcaſtle, quick hedges begin to decay; the fences changing into ſtone-walls without mortar.—In this ſtage much ſpring corn is grown, but moſtly oats. The crop, they ſaid, was tolerably good; but when compared with thoſe in Durham, Yorkſhire, and ſome other adjacent counties, I knew it was very great. The oats were about half down; thoſe the people were reaping appeared to be green, but the ſeaſon being late, I ſuppoſe they

they did not think it proper to delay.

Brough is pleaſantly ſituated; the town is ſurrounded with trees: It has a caſtle. About a mile from the town, towards Appleby, is the noted Brough-hill, where the fair is held. The fair had ended a few days before, and the ground, through which the road paſſes, had much the appearance of a fallow field, occaſioned by the great numbers of cattle being ſo lately upon it. The lower part, on the right of the road, is the ſheep-market, and the higher part, on the left, is the place for Galloways, Kiloes, &c.

Appleby is an agreeable ſituation. It is decorated with ſtately trees; and

and the country, for ſome diſtance around it, is very woody. The greateſt part of the houſes are built with a copper-coloured ſtone, and covered with ſlates.—At the firſt appearance of the town, when I could juſt diſtinguiſh it through the ſhady woods, the primitive idea I conceived was, that the houſes had reared their arched heads in order to vie with the ſhady trees;—and indeed it is not uncommon for Art to vie with Nature.

Between Appleby and Penrith, on the right, is a long ridge of mountains, which ſeem to terminate oppoſite on the North-ſide of Carlton-hall. Near the termination is a pyramidal figure of ſtone, called Penrith

rith Fell, or (as they pronounce it) Pearth Fell.

Between Eden-bridge and Carlton-hall, is a monument, in the lane, called Counteſs's Pillar; the pedeſtal is a cylinder, and the top a ſquare priſm, on each ſide of which is a ſun-dial. It was ſet up by a lady, who had accompanied her daughter, then on her way to Italy, to that place:—It happened the young lady died abroad, nor did they ever meet more,—and this pillar was erected by the mother to commemorate the laſt interview.—I have not been able to collect either the lady's name, or the place of her reſidence.—In this ſtage I remarked a very ſingular cuſtom among the farmers, that is, the ſetting their corn-ſtacks in the corners of the fields wherein the corn had grown

grown, when no barn nor houſe is near them,

In travelling over Hutton-moor, about ſun ſetting, I viewed a beautiful phænomenon before me. From the moor a fine vale appeared right before me, and only to be ſeen through an opening between two hills, whereof Saddle-hill is that on the right-hand. The air becoming light, the vapours deſcended ſlowly down the ſides of the adjacent hills, and in a little time ſeemed to overſpread the whole valley, apparently to the diſtance of ſeveral miles. The denſe vapours, being below my horizon, appeared as ſhips moving on the light miſt as on a ſea; and their variety of forms and motions, and

tranſient duration, made the proſpect truly pictureſque and delightful.

About eight o'clock I arrived at Keſwick. Here I took up my lodgings. The town has a market on Saturday. At the diſtance of about two miles is the famous *Derwent Lake*; and a little further to the Weſt is Baſſenthwaite Lake: But I had not the opportunity of viſiting either. Much people reſort here in ſummer to view the lakes, and the extenſive proſpect from the top of Skiddaw-hill.

The next morning being cloudy, I was prevented of a ſight of Skiddaw-hill, the greater part of it being covered with clouds: It is ſaid to be the higheſt mountain in the iſland; its

its perpendicular height above the ſurface of the lake is 2560 feet.

About three miles from Keſwick, a fine fertile vale preſents itſelf to the view; and the landſcape is greatly improved by the advantageous ſituation of the beholder; the road along which he is then travelling being cut out of the ſide of a high, barren, mountain. The vale, which is level, and between three and four miles round, is on the right-hand ſide of the way, and is bounded by high mountains, and Derwent and Baſſenthwaite Lake. Skiddaw is one of theſe, and is now juſt on your right hand; and behind it a part of Derwent Lake may be ſeen. The boundary mountain on the farther ſide of the vale, is not, I was told, near ſo

high as Skiddaw; but that right oppoſite to Skiddaw, is nearly of the ſame height with it; and behind this oppoſite mountain a part of Baſſenthwaite Lake is to be ſeen. This diſtribution is remarkably uniform and immenſe.

"T' engage the Thought, and pleaſe the raviſh'd Eye."

And while variety, uniformity, and immenſity employ the ſight, pleaſure and a reverend horror at once poſſeſs the mind.

Cockermouth ſtands ſomewhat low. The houſes are chiefly white, being rough-caſt, that is, daſhed with lime and ſmall ſtones; and are covered with ſlate. It is a pretty neat town, and has a market on Mondays.

Mondays. A conſiderable trade is carried on here with Ireland: Butter and hides are two principal articles imported—and perhaps a bottle of French brandy may ſometimes find its way over.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

LETTER

LETTER II.

WHITEHAVEN.

SIR,

AT three o'clock in the afternoon I attained Whitehaven. This place has, at firſt ſight, a very ſingular appearance; though you are long in expectation of it before you do ſee it. It ſtands low, between two promontories; and, at the firſt view, which is not above a hundred yards diſtant from the ſkirts of the town, you are preſented with nothing but the blue ſlate coverings

of

of the houſes, and ſmoke.—Juſt as you begin to deſcend the brow of the hill, ſtand two ſmall conical ſpires, encompaſſed by a wall, cloſe to the road, on the right hand: They are almoſt cloſe together, and are of the ſame height, each of about forty-five feet, and on either Apex is a neat gilt vane. They are called the Tobacco-pipes,—are hollow, and are for the purpoſe of burning the damaged tobacco in.

In Whitehaven are three churches, or rather chapels of eaſe, the mother church being that at St. Bees. The old church, as it is uſually called, is dedicated to St. John, the other two to the Trinity and St. James. In the old church is an organ, which ſtands at the eaſt-end, over the altar-table;

table; and againſt the wall, above the table, and below the organ, is a piece of painting, repreſenting our Saviour eating the laſt ſupper with his Apoſtles. Our Saviour is in an attitude as if juſt riſing off his ſeat, and reaching out a piece of bread to one of his diſciples, uttering theſe words, as expreſſed by the motto, "*This do in Remembrance of me.*"—St. James's church is the moſt modern, and is very beautiful.

The town is very regularly built, and, as I mentioned to you before, lies low, between two ridges of mountains, which ſtretch into the ſea, and theſe ridges include the haven. The ſtreets are in general broad and ſtraight, and moſtly interſect each other at right angles. The

market-

market-place is pretty large. The chief market-day is Thurſday. Beef and mutton were ſelling at three-pence and threepence-halfpenny a pound;—Fowls, in general, cheap;—Herrings, ſix and ſeven a penny, and, I was told, they were ſometimes ten or twelve a penny. Potatoes were at twopence-halfpenny a ſtone, Butter, ſevenpence and eightpence a pound, of ſixteen ounces: Fruit and Nuts were in great plenty; Apples at ſixpence a hoop, or quarter of the old peck, that is at the rate of eightpence a Wincheſter peck;—Nuts were at about the ſame price.

There are many coal-pits near the town, and a great number of ſhips are conſtantly employed in carrying the coals to different ports in Ireland.

The

The harbour is well ſecured, and much improved by five piers or ramparts, which project into the ſea. Some of theſe piers are, from morning till night, crouded with coal-carts; the two furtheſt are generally lined with loaded ſhips.

When any perſon dies here, it is cuſtomary for the common bellman to patrol the ſtreets, with the following invitatory cry;—"*All friends and neighbours are deſired to attend the corps of —— of ——ſtreet, to —— church this evening: The corps will be taken out at —— o'clock.*" During my ſtay, which was about nine days, many children died of the ſmall-pox: I once ſaw five corps together in the old church. Inoculation was formerly much practiſed in this quarter, till

till a few years ago, when three or four dying in that fatal diſorder, after they had been inoculated, it was entirely laid aſide; and the people now chooſe to ſubmit to Providence rather than the operation.—One day I attended the corps of a very worthy gentleman to the old church, who died of a more extraordinary, and perhaps not leſs fatal, diſeaſe than the ſmall-pox. He had been brought up to the ſea, and had conſtantly adhered to his vocation, till about ſix months before his death, when a relation leaving him an eſtate of upwards of an hundred pounds a-year, he threw off his healthful employment, and commenced a gentleman. Though it did not appear that he had, in the leaſt, applied himſelf to the deſtructive and faſhionable appendages

dages of that calling; nor at all given himſelf to luxury, or any way devoted to pleaſure, according to the frequent acceptation of that word, but only to eaſe, and eaſe proved mortal. He was much lamented.

I have now given you all that I noticed on this ſide the Iriſh ſea, and, perhaps, more than is worthy your notice: but I could not well reſtrain my pen from relating all that I had thought either worth my while to remark on paper, or treaſure up in my mind for your entertainment.

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

LETTER

LETTER III.

From WHITEHAVEN, to SKERRIES in IRELAND.

SIR,

ON Saturday the 12th of October, in the morning, the wind became favourable, and we ſet ſail, in company with twenty or twenty-one others, twelve of which, including ourſelves, were bound to Dublin. The ſea was very calm, and the gale very moderate. About three o'clock in the afternoon the wind changed, and became contrary, and continued

ſo till about five the next morning. At ſun-riſing I came upon deck to look about me, and a delightful look it was; particularly as the land we were then cloſe in with, I ſuppoſed to be Ireland, not knowing that the wind had changed;—but, ſad illuſive ſight!—for the land, on inquiry, proved to be the Iſle of Man. ——We came cloſe up to Ramſey. The people ſeemed to have juſt riſen, and to be making on their fires, by the great quantity of ſmoke that iſſued from the chimneys.——In the afternoon we paſſed by Douglas, the chief port in the iſland. On the eaſt-ſide of it is a large tract of ſeemingly good land, neatly laid out, and apparently well fenced. I could diſcern many new incloſures all along the coaſt. The interior part is very

mountainous

mountainous and irregular, and the higher lands appear to be quite barren.

On Sunday night the wind blew ſtrong and contrary, but on Monday morning it became more calm, though ſtill continued unkind.—— We were tugged about in this little ſpace, between the Iſle of Man and Ireland, till Wedneſday the 16th in the afternoon, when, the wind blowing afreſh the Captain thought it beſt to run into a harbour in Ireland called Skerries, which is about five leagues to the North of Dublin harbour. From Sunday till this time, I had been almoſt wholly confined to my cabin, there amuſing myſelf as well as I could, or as circumſtances would permit. One agreeable com-

fort however often attended me, and that was a melodious fellow paſſenger, who ſeemed, by his cheerfulneſs, to have nothing to dread from the elements. Whether the ſea was rough or ſmooth,—the wind Eaſt or Weſt— he was ſtill in tune—his bellows blew always the ſame. This good company was more than a mere put-off, I aſſure you—it really was entertaining to me to hear the man bellowing, as it were, at the clamorous ocean. His ſongs I ſeldom knew, nor, indeed, could I always diſtinctly hear his tune, though he evidently endeavoured, as far as he was able, to keep up a counter-plea with the noiſome waves.—In ſhort—He was every way adapted to my wiſhes, and particularly to my preſent ſituation; and if I found any inconveniency in his company, I am certain it originated

nated within my own breaſt:—Perhaps I might unawares covet his diſpoſition, but that was wrong in me, and no fault in my companion. He was a man for either land or water,—he was any man's man,—he was a man for the world.

Sir,

Yours, &c.

LETTER IV.

SKERRIES, in IRELAND.

SIR,

AFTER we came to anchor in the harbour of Skerries my floating priſon abated its giddy motion,—all was ſteady and quiet,—and we ſeemed as if ſincerely at peace with the rugged waves. In this agreeable ſituation, I ventured to peep out, and crawl upon deck once more. —I was charmed with the verdant proſpect:--Had I had nothing but the appearance of terreſtrial objects to eſtimate the ſeaſon by, I ſhould have

have dated my memoranda that day, April the twenty-fifth.—It was beautiful even to a dizzy head. The view was extenſive, both up into the country, and on both ſides of the bay, and included two gentlemen's houſes, which, being white, made ſome addition to the landſcape.

After I had done gazing at the country, I found other objects to amuſe me, which before I had overlooked: Theſe were the fiſhing-wherries (ſo they call them) plying about in almoſt all directions, and taking up their lines. I counted twenty-eight in motion, beſides thoſe lying in the harbour, cloſe by a pier that projected from the end of the town. They appeared juſt like ſo many Swallows ſkimming over a pond,

pond, and preying upon the flies. The bay abounds with fiſh.

All this time I ſtood—I felt an emotion within me, expreſſing a deſire for ſomething—or to be ſomewhere,—but I could not be diverted from my entertainments—I could not allow myſelf time to conſider what it was I would be at. However, when the ecſtacy was about over, and I was turning to my cabin-ſtairs—I ſighed at the thought—That I ſhould be again committed to a mercileſs element, which I looked upon as a profeſſed enemy, ever gaping to devour me,—and which, from the treatment I had already met with, I could not perſuade myſelf at all to rely on.—I caſt about again,—and, at laſt, I plainly wiſhed to be

on

on ſhore. The Captain, who, I dare ſay, had long before read my deſire very plainly in my countenance, was very civil, and ſaid he would go with me. I accepted his kind offer, and we ſet ſail, in a four-oar boat, for the town of Skerries.—I have often heard it ſaid of a perſon, when in difficulties, or under ſome oppreſſion, figuratively termed a frying-pan, in endeavouring to extricate himſelf, often falls into greater troubles, or as the figure expreſſes it,—leaps into the fire;—this was exactly my caſe: For in the way we got entangled among the fiſhing-lines, which drew the Wherries about us on all ſides, and ſo exaſperated the churliſh fellows, that I would not have inſured our cargo for leſs than ninety-nine per Cent.—In this excurſion (I for-

got

got to tell you before) I was attended by my former jovial companion; —he, happy man! bore all with his uſual equanimity of diſpoſition,—not the leaſt appearance of dread was to be ſeen about him;—happy man, indeed!—Who would not have coveted his diſpoſition? We arrived at laſt ſafe along the ſide of the pier, where a number of men were gathered together, chiefly, I ſuppoſe, to look about them, to ſee what paſſed, and how trade went on. They ſeemed to be moſtly of the amphibious kind,—and, upon my word, ſome of them were brawny fellows. They all advanced towards us as we ſtepped out of the boat. We inquired of them for the beſt Inn in the town, —but, inſtead of giving any anſwer, they in turn aſked of us an account

of

of our voyage;—we entreated them to attend to our inquiry,—telling them, that I wanted to be at a houſe where I might be accommodated with good lodgings, and a horſe in the morning to Dublin.—At laſt one of them bawled out—"I have a horſe."—I went up to him, and aſked him ſome queſtions about his horſe,—but, after a few frivolous interrogations, he very heartily told me—he would not let me have his horſe, becauſe he did not know me. This made me recollect perfectly where I was,—and I could not forbear laughing:—Paddy grinn'd—and I made off. By this time the Captain, at a little diſtance from me, had found one more kindly diſpoſed than many of the reſt, and who could talk plainer Engliſh than any

I had

I had conver∫ed with;—he came up, and, in an hone∫t ru∫tic tone, ∫aid he would go with me to an hou∫e where I might have any thing I wanted. This was good hearing.—We followed him. The fir∫t hou∫e he ∫topt at had but a very poor appearance;—however we got into it. The in∫ide afforded an old and a young woman,—both were very civil. We got ∫ome ale---they had nothing better;---it was one-penny a pint, which is the common price all over Ireland: It is ∫eldom ∫trong, yet has, in general, an agreeable ta∫te. The old woman was ∫itting by a few embers in the hearth, darning her ∫tockings; the young lady kept moving about the hou∫e, and was no mean ſight---only her head was rather too high for her roof.---

We

We ſet out in purſuit of ſomething better. Our leader conducted us to another houſe——worſe and worſe ——this would never do. We proceeded, and came to a third. The Captain adviſed me to heave out anchor;—I did—I made it do—though it was no hotel, I aſſure you. The firſt thing I met with was the top of the door-frame,—it made much too free with my forehead.——The miſtreſs, however, was a good decent-looking woman.

I ſettled my account with the Captain, and, in a few minutes, he, with the paſſenger and men, returned to the ſhip.—I got ſhaven, and a clean ſhirt on, and I was as happy as a king.

I was now left alone with my landlady, and two barefoot children her offspring. Her husband and two servant-girls, she said, were at the farm taking up potatoes, and a servant-boy was threshing in the barn behind the house. She very kindly informed me, that she sold Rum, Brandy, Gin, and Whiskey. I desired her to bring me a *pot* of her Whiskey:——she looked—and muttered—and stammered—I perceived she did not understand me;——at length, by halfing, and quartering, we demonstrated, that my *pot* was equal to her *noggin*. I got a noggin of *plain* Whiskey;——but she said——Gentlemen always drank *currant* Whiskey.——This is a spirituous liquor made from malt: The plain sort tastes somewhat like Gin, especially

cially that which is made in thoſe parts where Juniper-berries are to be had. The Currant-whiſkey is made by infuſing Currants in the plain Whiſkey.——Her prices were about the ſame, as I afterwards found, with thoſe in Dublin.

In the evening our landlord appeared, with a cargo of Potatoes—— a good looking man indeed he was, and talked good Engliſh. He certainly had been a gentleman's ſervant,—he had travelled.

Much company came in,——but they did not in the leaſt diſturb me. The kitchen (if you pleaſe) was ſet about with a double row of forms, and on theſe the gueſts ſat. I was fixed on a ſolid log of wood, in the

nook, by (or rather in) the range—for it was fair weather. Our fire conſiſted moſtly of wood, with a little coal. A crane was fixed to a piece of wood in the chimney above, and turned on the hearth-ſtone below, and ſupplied the place of a range-crook. The miſtreſs bid one of the ſervants get ſtraw, and begin to prepare ſupper. The girl obeyed, and ſoon had the houſe half filled with ſtraw. She then filled a large iron pot with potatoes, and hanging it on the crane, turned the crane and pot about into the corner or nook oppoſite to that wherein I was ſitting.—She piled up the ſtraw, and drew it near the pot, and ſeating herſelf upon it, pulled out a little at a time from under her, and ſupplied a blaze upon the pot, till the potatoes were enough,

enough, which was, I obſerved, juſt when the ſtraw was all conſumed. Supper was turned out into a large tub, and they ſettled themſelves orderly about it, in the middle of the floor.

A little after ſupper, the gentry on the forms began to be merry. Every one ſang a ſong—ſome two—but not one word could I underſtand—nor was I much delighted with their muſic:—I know not whether the ingenious northern Touriſt would have been delighted with ſuch melody.

In the midſt of this jollity I recollected I had not provided a horſe for my intended journey in the morning to Dublin. I ſent for a perſon who had

had horſes. He came,—but not a ſyllable of his anſwers did I underſtand. He had lately come out of the North of Ireland, where the lower claſs of people know very little of the Engliſh language.——This ſcene gave thoſe about us great pleaſure,——they laughed with much glee at our perpetual interrogations, and the uſeleſſneſs of our tongues.—— The landlord came to us, and was kind enough to mediate as interpreter. We ſoon agreed on a price;—— but, on his hearing me name Kilkenny, he enquired whether I was going there,——on being anſwered yes,——the bargain was void;—— No ſuch thing as he would lend his horſe to one that was going beyond Dublin.——This uſage, you may be ſure, nettled me not a little—I could

have

have ſwore at the old fellow.——I applied to another, of more faith than the former, and was fortunate enough to ſucceed. Now, per agreement, my nag was to be equipt with a leather ſaddle, a bridle of the ſame, and ſuitable girths. You will here ſay—"What others couldſt thou have had?" I will tell you,——a ſaddle, bridle, Stirrups, crupper, all of ſtraw, might have been my portion,—though indeed, for a pot extraordinary, I might perhaps have procured a cord-bridle, and cord ſtirrups; and the very next day convinced me, that, with theſe accoutrements, I ſhould not have been of the leaſt magnitude among my brethren, however ſingular I might appear in my own eyes; for the greater number of perſons I met travelling on horſeback, before I came into

into the poſt-road, had either no better, or none at all.

I prepared for bed.——After I had got into my room, and had ſhut the door, I found it rather airy, and taking the candle in my hand, took a ſurvey of my apartment. There were two openings, which, ſome time or other, had been windows; for the one had two panes of glaſs in it,—the other one,—the ſpaces being ſtopt up with pieces of board, clouts, &c. —This was frightful indeed—I could not refrain from pitying myſelf,—but all was in vain—it was my deſtined habitation.——I laid me down in peace, in hope to find ſome reſt, —but that was far from me.——The bed was too quick—I ſcratch'd—I turn'd—and turn'd and ſcratch'd again

gain—and wiſhed for morning a hundred times before it came.—— At length bright Sol appeared through the chinks of the windows.—I got up—ordered my breakfaſt and horſe, and then took a walk out into the town. It was a charming fine morning to be the ſeventeenth of October.

Sir,

Yours, &c.

LETTER

LETTER V.

SKERRIES,——continued.

SIR,

THERE are many ſmall Iſlands in and near the Bay: I could ſee four from the town. On one, which is that neareſt the town, are the remains of a church, dedicated to their Patron, St. Patrick. This Iſland is ſaid to be the firſt place on which the ſaint landed on his arrival in Ireland, which was near the end of the fourth century. The Church is alſo ſaid to have been built under

his

his own immediate inſpection, at which time the iſland was parted from the main land by only a ſmall ſtream of water at ſpring tides, and then paſſable on foot. But the ſaint had not divined well, for now it is impaſſable at the loweſt ebb of the tide, and, on that account, the ſacred pile was long ago neceſſarily abandoned, and little more of it at preſent remains than the bare name.—There is now a church in the town called St. Patrick's new church.

This place ſupplies the country, for more than twenty miles round, with fiſh, which is caught in great abundance. Dublin is about twenty miles hence, and is ſupplied chiefly with that article from this place, which is conveyed in *cars*.

The

The houſes are low, ſome of them are extremely low, which latter, in Ireland, are denominated *cabins*. They are ſituated, with reſpect to each other, very irregularly: For it can hardly be ſaid that there is a ſingle ſtreet in the whole town, though it conſiſts of upwards of a hundred houſes.

Theſe *cars*, juſt mentioned, are ſmall carriages, having two low wheels of about twenty-two inches diameter; they are drawn by a ſingle horſe. The wheels are thin round blocks of wood, ſometimes tired with iron, and are fixed faſt to the axle-tree. In Dublin the wheels turn with an iron axle-tree, which being continued out on the outſides of the wheels, the car reſts on thoſe

continued

continued parts. But in the country the wheels are moſtly fixed at the extremities of a wooden axle-tree, and the body of the car lies upon it on two places between the wheels.--- It is to be hoped that the country-people, for the ſake of both themſelves and their horſes, will, in time, come into the Dublin method of conſtructing their cars, and that, perhaps, may be improved.

It is very common for the lower ſort of people to join and hire a car when going a journey, or taking a jaunt of pleaſure, laying ſtraw, a mat, or ſometimes a bed on the bottom of it, to make their ſeats more comfortable and eaſy. I have numbered ſix women on a car, with their legs hanging down within a few

inches of the ground, and moving no faſter than a perſon on foot. I have ſeen a grocer's wife mounted on one of thoſe humble vehicles,—and a beautiful woman ſhe was,—I never ſaw ſuch condeſcenſion in England.—The inhabitants of Yarmouth indeed have carriages much reſembling the Iriſh cars, which they generally dignify by the name of coaches. There are numbers of them employed in carrying goods about the town, in the ſame manner as the cars are uſed in Dublin. In Summer, particularly during the bathing ſeaſon, theſe *coaches* are let out to company who viſit the town, and chooſe an excurſion, in parties, to the fort upon the Deanes, or into the country; but then the carriages for theſe purpoſes are moſtly painted,

ſome

ſome red, ſome green, ſome blue, which renders them much ſuperior, in point of grandeur, to the humble Iriſh car.

I ſhall juſt give you a deſcription of an Iriſh *cabin*, and a few other particulars, and then proceed on my way to Dublin.

The Iriſh cabins are built of earth, or muddy clay, wrought into the conſiſtence of mortar, and are always well thatched. Sometimes ſtakes are fixed into the ground, to ſupport the walls, and as a firm foundation to the building. Round the ſtakes the architect ſheds alternate Strata of mortar and ſods, till he attains the height of five or ſix feet above the floor or firſt ſtory,—then timbers,—

covers in, and the fabric is completed. Few of them have either window or chimney, or any other aperture but that which ſerves the purpoſe of a common entrance—people, poultry, and pigs, often lodge and feed together under one of theſe roofs.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

A general account of IRELAND;— its diviſions, ſubdiviſions, or counties, pariſhes, meaſures, coins, &c.

SIR,

BEFORE I advance further in my journey, I will lay before you the following tables, which I have extracted from a larger one in Doctor Truſler's Chronology.

Ireland is divided into four large Provinces, *Ulſter*, *Leinſter*, *Munſter*,

ſter, and *Connaught*. Ulſter comprehends nine counties, Leinſter twelve, Munſter ſix, and Connaught five. The number of acres, houſes, (as they were numbered in 1766) and Pariſhes, in each province and county is as follows.

Coun-

Counties in Ulſter.	Iriſh Plantation Acres.	Houſes.	Pariſhes.
ULSTER.	2836837	128983	365
1 Antrim	383020	20738	56
2 Armagh	170620	13125	49
3 Cavan	274800	9268	37
4 Down	344658	26090	72
5 Donegal	630157	12357	40
6 Fermanagh	224807	5674	19
7 Londonderry	251510	14528	38
8 Monaghan	170090	10658	24
9 Tyrone	387175	16545	30

Coun-

Counties in Leinſter.	Iriſh Plantation Acres.	Houſes.	Pa riſh es
LEINSTER.	2642958	127901	858
1 Catherlough	116900	5444	42
2 Dublin	123784	23103	8
3 Kildare	228590	8555	100
4 Kilkenny	287650	13231	96
5 King's County	257510	9294	56
6 Longford	134700	6057	24
7 Louth	111180	8151	50
8 Meath	326480	14000	139
9 Queen'a County	238415	11226	30
10 Weſtmeath	249943	9621	62
11 Wexford	315936	11438	109
12 Wicklow	252410	7781	54

Coun-

Counties in Munſter.	Iriſh Plantation Acres.	Houſes.	Pa-riſh-es.
MUNSTER.	3289932	117197	740
1 Clare	428187	11381	76
2 Cork	991010	47334	232
3 Kerry	636905	12112	84
4 Limerick	375320	19380	130
5 Tipperary	599500	18057	147
6 Waterford	259010	8933	71

Coun-

Counties in Connaught.	Iriſh. Plantation Acres.	Houſes.	Pa riſh-es.
CONNAUGHT.	227291[illegible]	49966	330
1 Galway	775525	15576	136
2 Leitrim	206830	5156	21
3 Mayo	724640	15089	73
4 Roſcommon	324370	8216	59
5 Sligo	241550	5292	41

Total of Counties in Ireland.	Total of Acres in Ireland.	Total of Houſes.	Total of Pa-riſhes.
32	11042642	424047	2293

Five

Five acres Iriſh are equal to eight acres fifteen perches and one hundred and five parts Engliſh. The Iriſh meaſure with *ſeven*, the Engliſh with *five and a half* yards to the pole.

In Ireland two ſhillings is paid yearly for every hearth or fire-place; but they pay no land-tax yet.

An Iriſh mile is ſix thouſand ſeven hundred and twenty feet, or ten furlongs and one hundred and twenty feet; whence eleven Iriſh miles are exactly equal to fourteen Engliſh miles.

An Engliſh ſhilling is thirteen Iriſh pence; therefore a guinea is one pound two ſhillings and ninepence

pence Iriſh, at Par. And this leads me to obſerve to you the great ſcarcity of copper coin in Ireland, which is entirely owing to the vaſt quantity of that ſpecies exported thence to England, where it is well known to be a load, at leaſt, if not a nuiſance to the public. Every ſailor, before he leaves Ireland, gleans up all the halfpence he poſſibly can, for the ſake of the penny in thirteen profit. And thus the public of two nations are injured by the emolument of a few individuals.

The want of ſmall currency, which is particularly felt on the Eaſt coaſt, and other places frequented by Engliſh ſhips, has induced many tradeſmen in theſe parts to ſtrike copper coins, which paſs very currently in their

their own neighbourhood: On the one ſide, "*I promiſe to pay the bearer* (one, two, three, or four) *pence on demand.* P—— O—— 1771, and, on the reverſe, is the Coiner's ſign, and the value, as 1 P. 2 P. or 3 P. &c.

"The want of ſmall change (in 1727) was ſo great that ſeveral perſons were obliged to make copper and ſilver tokens called *Traders*, which they paſſed as promiſſory notes among their workmen, cuſtomers and neighbours, and each has the name of the perſon who iſſued them, with the place of his abode. Some of theſe were ſtruck at Armagh, Belfaſt, Dromore, Lurgan, Portadown and Dublin."—See the *Account of Iriſh coins*, page 61.

This popular grievance might eaſily be redreſſed, and it is much to be wiſhed that it were.

Sir,

Yours, &c.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

From SKERRIES to DUBLIN.

SIR,

I WILL now proceed on my journey.—Having got a pretty comfortable breakfaſt, and part of a noggin of Whiſkey, I mounted my ſteed, and ſet out for Dublin. The diſtance is ſeventeen (Iriſh) miles, nearly. I had about four miles to ride before I came into the North poſt-road. I had never travelled upon a finer road in England than even the former four miles were; and the poſt-road was much broader,

and, in general, better. Indeed all the roads I came in, or interſected, were very good, and remarkaby ſtraight; but this North-road is allowed, at preſent, to be the beſt in Ireland.—In travelling in one direction, you meet with only one toll-gate in the ſame county, and that ſeldom demands more of you than one-penny a horſe; except indeed in what is called the Circular-road about Dublin; of which I ſhall give you a ſhort account when I come to that city.

In the firſt four miles the inclo-ſures are moſtly ſmall, few exceed three acres, and are ſeparated by mounds of earth only; though ſometimes, they are ſtuck, in a ſlight manner, with Gorſe, Willows, &c.

Great

Great quantities of fine potatoes, and ſome wheat and barley, are produced in this quarter. The corn and hay harveſts, I obſerved, were about at the ſame time. Many fields of both were then ſtanding out. The corn they pile up in a conical form, in the manner of the Engliſh ſtacks; a day or two before it is led, they ſpread it out, then bind it up faſt in ſheaves, and lead it together, and put it into ſtack.—I conclude, from this obſervation, That the harveſt is much later in theſe parts than it is in moſt counties of England; and, from what intelligence I could collect, they reap as early in the county of Dublin as in any other in the whole Iſland. This muſt render their harveſt precarious, and the grain often not very

wholeſome.—As I advanced towards Dublin, agriculture began to have a better aſpect, induſtry began to ſhew better handy-work, and improvements in general ſeemed to be better known and more practiſed. Some quickſet-hedges were now to be met with; tho' indolence here and there marred the proſpect with fences of earth, and others of ſtones piled up without any mortar, like thoſe in Weſtmoreland, Cumberland, &c. Many of the quickſets I obſerved to be in a very thriving ſtate, ſuch as were not ſo had been neglected. The Hawthorn I know will not endure the ſalt-water ſpray, but it may be reared in moſt ſoils remote from the ſea. And I well remember I did not diſcover one ſingle acre of barren land in all the way.

The

The ſides of the road are well planted with houſes, many of which are cabins:—What is ſaved in tolls may be readily diſpoſed of in charity, if the traveller has got a ſingle ſpark of humanity in his breaſt. The objects that came crawling to me from the cabins would have ſoftened the moſt ſtony heart. I muſt own at leaſt, I could not withſtand their attacks,—every feature plainly ſhewed poverty, and humbly aſked my charity:—I gave them—and that relieved both them and me.

Sir,

Yours affectionately.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

DUBLIN, the Capital of Ireland.

SIR,

ABout two o'clock in the afternoon I arrived at Dublin. Being, from my circumſtances, obliged to make ſome ſtay here, I had an opportunity of ſeeing moſt parts of the city; and ſuch particulars and occurrences as I judge ſufficient to amuſe you in a leiſure hour, I will inform you of. And, if at any time I chance to run into Mr. Twiſs's track, which I believe I cannot poſſibly avoid, I hope you will forgive me,

me, as you may be aſſured I will cautiouſly ſhun *that*, as well as every other beaten path which I know of, or which I can by any means clearly diſcern. But this I beg you will remember, that to write nothing but what is new, eſpecially in giving the geographical deſcription of this capital, ſituated but a few ſtrides from us, cannot be done,—I dare ſay you will not expect; yet novelty, or new deſcriptions, or new objects, ought to be our chief aim, I acknowledge, and then the better we ſucceed in ſuch deſiderata, the more will our labours be regarded and read, and their merit will be meaſured by the ſcale of general importance, or by the line of public entertainment. But to leave this digreſſion;——Dublin ſtands on a pretty extenſive plain. The laſt

eight

eight miles I had travelled were nearly on a level with the city; and the country, for ſix or ſeven miles to the ſouth, is exceedingly even, at which diſtance are a ridge of mountains extending about twelve miles, from the mouth of the bay into the country. The whole of this plain is very fertile, and the ſituation of the city is generally eſteemed ſalubrious.

The city is divided into two almoſt equal parts by the river Liffey, which forms itſelf into a bay about a mile below the town. A few fine cloſes have been lately acquired from the ſouth-ſide of the bay, cloſe by Iriſh-Town; and it was then in agitation to proceed in like manner further down the bay, on the ſame ſide, to dyke off a much larger tract.

A little below Iriſh-Town, and nearly two miles from the city, in the bay, ſtands the Light-houſe or Pigeon-houſe, as it is commonly called. The entrance into this harbour is extremely beautiful, and is ſaid to be exceeded in grandeur by the harbour of Naples only. But the bar, which is near the Pigeon-houſe, renders the paſſage very incommodious, ſo that ſhips of any burthen dare not venture in.

The city is nearly circular, and is about eight miles in circumference. Each part, on either ſide of the river, is encompaſſed by a broad walk, named the Circular-road. This road is much frequented by the better ſort of people, on foot, on horſeback, and in carriages. It was made for the purpoſe

purpoſe of furniſhing a convenient airing. The money that is collected at the ſeveral toll-gates on the road is applied totally to keeping it in repair.——It undoubtedly affords an agreeable jaunt, but the account of ſo many robberies committed on it, rather allays the pleaſure which it would otherwiſe give.—The north and ſouth parts of the town are connected by five bridges. Eſſex-bridge is the principal; it is ſituated to the eaſt of the others, or is next towards the bay.—An application was lately made to parliament for leave to build another, to the eaſt of Eſſex-bridge, where it is thought by many another is much wanted; but the bill was thrown out, on the ſuppoſition that it would be more an obſtacle to trade than a convenience to the public:

public.—There are two or three ferry-boats conſtantly paſſing below Eſſex-bridge.

There are two cathedrals, and eighteen pariſh-churches, beſides ſeveral chapels, and meeting-houſes, for the Dutch proteſtants, preſbyterians, quakers, and methodiſts, in this city; there are alſo ſixteen Roman-catholic chapels. The cathedrals are St. Patrick's church, and Chriſt's church. Both reſemble the cathedrals in England, but neither are near ſo beautiful nor ſo large as thoſe of York or Durham. Swift was Dean of St. Patrick's, and was buried in it. I was but once in it, and that was at the time of divine ſervice. The very firſt moment I entered the choir, I fixed my eye on

the prieſt—"Dearly beloved Roger" leaped inſtantly into my head.——Poor Swift! thought I, that was once thy place;——I caſt ſteadily about for Roger,——but, in a little time, I recollected my miſtake——the beloved Roger did not belong here.

The firſt Sunday after my arrival, I attended divine ſervice, in the evening, at Chriſt's church; it was performed in candle-light. This cathedral is more beautiful than St. Patrick's. The choir is narrow;—there are three rows of pews on each ſide, and the diſtance, or iſle, between them is not more than ten feet. It has galleries on both ſides. The organ is placed in a gallery on the one ſide of the choir near the altar-table.

table. The principal ſingers go up into this gallery when the anthem is given out;—this was much the beſt chorus I heard in Ireland.

Both theſe cathedrals are on the South-ſide of the river. The Round-church (one ſo called) is on the ſame ſide. It is, as the name expreſſes it, really round, and is very convenient for performing their oratorios in.

The modern built churches have neither ſpires nor ſteeples, and ſome of the old ones have had their ſpires pulled down.—The Iriſh ſeem to be terribly afraid of thunder.

The palace of St. Sepulchre, the univerſity, and the parliament-houſe, are in the South part of the town.

The univerſity conſiſts of a ſingle college, dedicated to the Trinity. The front has a grand appearance. Indeed its ſituation adds much to its grandeur. The ſtreet leading to its front is named College-green. This ſtreet regularly widens as you approach the college, and, at laſt, terminates in a triangular opening; the college, which is now right facing you, being one of the three ſides, a row of very genteel houſes forms the ſide on the right hand, and the parliament-houſe takes up the greater part of the ſide on the left; and an equeſtrian ſtatue of King William III. is placed nearly in the middle of the ſpace.

The parliament-houſe is very beautiful, and is looked upon as one of the

the chiefeſt ornaments of the city. Its front is of the Ionic Order, and, in general, is well executed. Its portico is of a ſingular conſtruction, and is affirmed to be the moſt elegant in Europe.

But the fineſt and moſt elegant piece of architecture in Dublin, is the Lying-in-hoſpital. Strangers are uſually led here to view the city from the towers, which appears indeed very beautiful; but the proſpect takes in the bay, and a great part of the adjacent country, along with the city, which together form a very fine landſcape.

The ſquare called St. Stephen's-green, is ſituated a little to the ſouth of the college. It is the largeſt ſquare

in Europe,—the four ſides together make nearly a mile. The interior part is ſurrounded by a low wall, between which and the houſes, about thirty feet are left for a coach-road. On the inſide of the wall is a broad gravel-walk, planted on either ſide with trees, called *beau*'s-*walk*;—the name is exceedingly pertinent and expreſſive. Beaux and belles, and their peculiar ſtratagems, are here frequently diſplayed. I have ſeen the walk ſo thick with theſe toys friſking about, that a *man* could hardly paſs along for them.—You'll ſay—A *man* has no buſineſs on their premiſſes,—True,—but there can be little harm in his taking a look at things profeſſedly deſigned for ſhow,—and, generally ſpeaking, there cannot be any great crime in his peeping

into

into any other ſpecies of folly, provided he is ſecured from dipping into it. The wiſeſt, and perhaps the beſt, of men, are at certain times agreeably relaxed and entertained with mere trifles,—with a harlequin —with a merry-Andrew——with punch and his wife—and why not with a beau and a belle?

There are two theatres-royal, and many hoſpitals, beſides that already mentioned, as St. Patrick's hoſpital, for lunatics and ideots, the Old-man's hoſpital, and ſome others. St. Patrick's was founded by the celebrated Dean Swift.—There is alſo a new exchange building, which, from the plan, the ſuperb manner of execution, and the pleaſant ſituation, promiſes fair to become, in a little time, the

the fineſt building, and the chief embelliſhment in the city of Dublin.

The barracks are in the North part of the city, and at the Weſtern extremity, near to the ſide of the river. They conſiſt of three ſquares, or rather imperfect ſquares, each wanting its South ſide. They are capable of containing ſix Thouſand men.

To the Weſt of the barracks is Phœnix park,—a place of great reſort in fine weather.—In this park is a fort.

Sir,

Yours, &c.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

DUBLIN,——continued.

SIR,

THE out-ſkirts of Dublin conſiſt moſtly of cabins. Each cabin has generally a ſmall piece of ground belonging to it, which produces a few potatoes, cabbages, and onions, the conſtant food of the Iriſh poor all the year round. Fleſh ſeldom enters their miſerable dwellings,—and bread not often. But whiſkey they will have—they think it almoſt impoſſible to ſubſiſt without it:——It is their darling, and their

their ruin,—it contributes much to their preſent deplorable ſtate of ſtupidity and poverty. Their faculties are benumbed by the extravagant uſe of it, and their families are thereby plunged to the very bottom of diſtreſs. It is the parent of that ſavage, brutal temper, ſo conſpicious in the common Iriſh, and is certainly the foundation of all their peculiar calamities and misfortunes. In ſhort —It renders their minds unapt for ſerious thinking, and their bodies inactive in uſeful labour;——reduces them far below the dignity of their nature,—and, but too often, urges to ſuch offences as juſtly open the folding arms of the avenging laws to hug them into endleſs eternity.

In the year 1749 it was computed, that

that in the city and liberties of Dublin there were two thouſand alehouſes, three hundred taverns, and twelve hundred brandy-ſhops. In 1776 the number of houſes in Dublin was thirteen thouſand one hundred and ninety-four.

I was informed, that, in Ulſter, and ſome parts of Connaught, where whiſkey is remarkably cheap, it was very common for the people to ſup whiſkey to their potatoes, in the manner the Engliſh eat bread and milk; but that the children, while young, had water in it, and, as they grew up, the water was gradually leſſened, and, at laſt, wholly left off. ——This, if it be true; is a practice greatly to be lamented; and, conſidering it as a cuſtom, the people themſelves

themſelves are much to be pitied.

The better ſort of people in Dublin have much civility in them, which they beſtow very laviſhly on Engliſhmen, I experienced their kindneſs, and, with much gratitude, now recall it to my mind. They are generally free, or rather forward, in their talking, and are utter ſtrangers to thoſe heſitations and apologies which are obtruded ſo often upon us in companies in England. Reſerve they ſeem not to have any idea of;—nor does the Iriſhman ſuffer much by opening the window of his breaſt. He is generally acute in argument and common converſation.——A *Bull* to be ſure, is a large animal,——apt to produce a bellow,——eaſily, and often too critically, obſerved;

and

and always largely applied.——— But there is a kind of readineſs in his conception, and an eaſy vivacity in his turn, which elevate him far above a ſulky maſtiff, or a buſy cur.———

The trading part of the people ſeem to pique themſelves much upon the fairneſs of their dealing. I alwas obſerved them offended when I bid them leſs than they had ſet upon any goods,——the leaſt hint of over-charging will cloud their eyes. ——I went into a ſhop in Leighlinbridge, and deſired to look at ſome pocket handkerchiefs the miſtreſs of the ſhop did not talk over plain Engliſh, nor did ſhe underſtand every word I ſaid:——She perceived I was a foreigner, and, very familiarly, in-

quired my country;—I told her. She pointed to another ſort, which ſhe ſaid would ſuit me better,——the price of theſe was ſo much— I bid her ſomething leſs for four or five.——This puckered her brow a little;—ſhe would not take any leſs if I took ever ſo many,——did I think ſhe meant to cheat me?—She would aſſure me ſhe practiſed no ſuch mean methods!——and thus ſhe went on for ſome time,——not a word could I get in with her,—at laſt however I drew up an excuſe—ſqueezing in all the reaſon I could muſter—(which then, by the by, was not over ſavoury;) It had a good effect—it produced a calm. She then very cooly informed me—That if it had been that woman,—nodding to one going out of the ſhop

ſhop-door,—ſhe would have aſked more by ſo much;——that ſhe believed the Engliſh to be generally ſincere and upright, and ſo concluded that they would be greatly diſpleaſed, and not leſs ſurprized at being impoſed upon by ſo near a neighbour.——I here leave the inference to your own judgment, you will eaſily determine the bounds of this partial uprightneſs,—though I am perſuaded a ſmall allowance was due to a ſoothing politeneſs, which they have borrowed from another neighbouring nation.

The Iriſh ſeem to be very attentive to the education of their females. In the mercantile claſs, we frequently find the women keeping the books, while the men are em-

ployed in the other ordinary buſineſs of the ſhop. This is alſo common in France, and probably the Iriſh have had the cuſtom thence.

Being three or four times in a printer's office, I found him one day at work printing Eliza's Letters to Yorick, for many of the booſellers in Dublin, on a tolerable good paper, and with a pretty neat type.—A corrector attended the preſs.

On inquiry, I found Triſtram-Shandy met with great ſale in Ireland; but Yorick's Sermons were not near ſo well known,—nor was the Sentimental Journey in great eſtimation among them.—Thus we find the moſt valuable productions

do

do not always meet with the kindeſt reception in Ireland, no more than they do in England; and the reaſon is not, to me, eaſy to find out. The ſermons, in my opinion, are more inſtructing, in every reſpect, and even more entertaining than Shandy: Perhaps there is a fault in the title—the word *Sermons* may ſound too ſerious for the generality of readers. Had they been titled—*Uncle Toby's Pluſh Breeches*, they, in all probability, would have been more univerſally known, and better accepted.

Mr. Twiſs's Tour is printed at Dublin for eighteen bookſellers, and in no deſpicable manner. But it has no map, and the view is but in-

differently executed. I gave half a crown for the *ſecond edition* of it.

The number of times I was aſked whether I knew Mr. Twiſs? would appear incredible, could I recount them. None here thank him for his remarks, and few approve of his book. I am aſhamed of them when I reflect on their behaviour to his effigy;—and their aukward ſarcaſms thrown out at that ingenious and worthy gentleman, ſhew no good temper. I was indeed much entertained one day in a pottery warehouſe, on ſeeing ſome chamber-pots, with a head enamelled on the bottom, having the mouth wide open, and theſe words below it,

"Come let us p——
"On Mr. Twiſs";

Which

Which led me to conclude, that the head was a repreſentation, or in the place, of Mr. Twiſs's. Theſe curioſities are, I was told, in almoſt every houſe; and, I judge, are univerſally uſed. His mouth is open to receive the ſtream---but his eyes too are open---and this it was that entertained me—Mr. Twiſs muſt ſurely acknowledge his great obligation to the condeſcending ladies who uſe him ſo freely, and deign to treat him with ſuch ſhowers of affability, or he is quite void of every ſpecies of gratitude. Was he to ſtart up in perſon———he might immediately return the compliment, if the ſudden emerſion did not too much ruffle the lady's ——diſpoſition.

Travelling one day in company with

with a young lady, ſomething introduced Mr. Twiſs into diſcourſe. I never heard him ſpoken of in Ireland with ſo much candour and applauſe. She approved of every paragraph (ſave one) in the book, either with regard to accuracy or intention (ſhe preſumed). The paſſages which appeared harſh or ſevere to moſt people, ſhe hoped would have their intended uſe——produce good effects, and make them better; but in one ſingle point he had made too free——he had peeped too curiouſly ——ſhe could not forgive him,—— he had no buſineſs with the ladies' legs. The paſſage ſhe alluded to is this—" As to the natural hiſtory " of the Iriſh ſpecies, they are only " remarkable for the thickneſs of " their legs, eſpecially thoſe of the

plebeian

"plebeian females." This ſhe contended, was aimed obliquely at the ladies, or at leaſt they were included, (—I believe they might—) but ſhe could not ſupport her opinion with any tolerable arguments, ſo it dropt. —It is more than probable, that the lady, though very ſenſible, was reſolved to take part with her own dear country, and ſo had laid hold of thoſe few innocent lines whereby to defend her cauſe.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

LETTER

LETTER X.

DUBLIN,——continued.

SIR,

THE lower ſort of people in the outer ſtreets of Dublin, are ſeldom loaded with ſhoes and ſtockings, eſpecially the females and Children. I have noticed more than one young woman, with a head-dreſs imitative of the ton——four or five rings on one hand—and not in the meaneſt gown—with one hand behind tucking up her petticoat—without either ſtocking or ſhoe. I have alſo often noticed boys in ruffled ſhirts,

ſhirts, and otherwiſe neatly clad, going barefoot.

There are many goats kept in Dublin, particularly in thoſe remote parts of the town. They are of great uſe to the poor owners, in ſupplying them with milk—and the young they moſtly ſell to the maſters of ſhips, who likewiſe keep them on board their veſſels for the ſake of their milk.

Labour is generally low, and ſo are proviſions; but thoſe they have moſtly within themſelves, and of cloaths they require but few. The wife and girls muſt ſpin for their own, or want them, ſo the man has only to provide for his own wants—and a few articles will ſerve him—

ſometimes

ſometimes one will ſuffice—and that is whiſkey. This I believe to be the moſt common way of life—yet it muſt give place to many (—I heartily wiſh there were more) exceptions.

Onions are plentiful in Dublin. The Iriſh ſeem to be extremely fond of that wholeſome root, as well as of potatoes; which is the reaſon of their being ſo univerſally propagated in Ireland.——The conſtant cry—— "Cheap onions! three pints a penny!" was ſo often rung in my ears, that whenever I dream of being in Dublin—whatever purſuits my idle fancy may ſuggeſt, I am ſure of meeting with that ſalute.—Tripes, with onion-ſauce, is a beloved diſh at moſt tables, at leaſt once a week—but particularly on Saturdays.

Walking

Walking one day along the north-ſide of the river—paſſed the barracks—through Phœnix park—croſſed the river at Bridge town, a little before I came into the circular-road—in a large field adjacent to the out-ſkirts of the town, I ſaw a man digging:—I went towards him—when I came near to him I perceived he was making a grave.—I began to look about me for a church,—I could ſee none—nor any thing like one,—neither a chapel, nor any houſe like a chapel—I then enquired of the honeſt man to what church or meeting the burying ground belonged;—he told me, it belonged to no church or meeting in particular. To what ſect did it belong?—To any ſect. Who then were they who buried there?—The poor.—Did a prieſt attend the

corps to or at the grave?—Sometimes —thoſe who could afford it had one. —Did any ſing before the corps, or at the grave?—No, but they *howled*. —This howling is the ancient manner of lamenting the dead, and is yet retained among the lower people. The howlers are uſually hired, eſpecially thoſe who attend the grave at certain hours for ſome days after the corps has been interred.

There are eight newſpapers publiſhed in Dublin. The Weekly journal is three halfpence, the other ſeven are ſold at one penny each. The advertiſements in moſt of theſe papers are printed verbatim from the MSS. and therefore it is no wonder if they are literary curioſities.

Sir, Yours, &c.

LETTER

LETTER X.

KILKENNY STAGE-COACH.

SIR,

THERE are two Kilkenny ſtage-coaches; the one ſets out from Dublin every Monday, the other every Thurſday. The diſtance between the two places is fifty-ſix Iriſh, or ſeventy-one Engliſh, miles, which, in Summer, is travelled in one day; in Winter, in two days. The places I noted in the way were the following:

	Iriſh miles.
From Dublin to Rathcool	7
Thence to Johnſtown	5
——— Naas	2
——— Timolin	14
——— Caſtle-Dermot	5
——— Carlow	6
——— Leighlin-bridge	4
——— Kilkenny	13
From Dublin to Kilkenny	56

On Thurſday, October the 31ſt, I ſet out from George-ſtreet, in company with a ſingle lady. As ſoon as we were well awaked, and daylight had broke into our crazy vehicle, a little ſmall-talk prefaced a general converſation, and introduced a better acquaintance. As the lady had

had been but a ſhort time in Dublin, no more than I, both were taken up with alternately relating the moſt ſtriking incidents we had there met with. The play-houſe furniſhed a large ſtore for diſcuſſion. America ſupplied us with much matter—and, both being but lukewarm, our political opinions happily coincided. And thus we agreeably paſſed the morning, and I thought I was well provided for the day; for the lady, though inclined ſomewhat to the maſculine, was yet of an obliging diſpoſition, and not unentertaining.

About eleven o'clock we came into Johnſtown, where we got breakfaſt—and very acceptable it was, as I well remember to have been extremely hungry;—light wigs,—and

freſh eggs to our tea, with a craving vacuum ready to receive them—not the leaſt invitation was required. We ſat down without ceremony, and roſe up perfectly ſatisfied. I was now in raptures with Ireland;—I could not reſtrain the acclamation---"I was in love with Ireland." This I perceived ſounded rather ſtrange in my companion's ears— as ſhe had not before underſtood me to be a foreigner;---however our friendſhip was not abated.---We mounted our carriage again, and drove off. We had not gone far when ſomething ſingular catched my eye---(my companion all the while eying me)—It was a ſtick, with a white rag at the end of it, ſtuck in the thatch over the door of a cabin, by the ſide of the road. I inquired the meaning of it:---The

lady,

lady, very obligingly, told me it was the ſymbol of--"Milk ſold here." In turn I was aſked a queſtion---"Did I know Mr. Twiſs?" But, for the ſake of preſerving a good underſtanding between us, I avoided as much as I could entering into any diſcourſe about Mr. Twiſs;---yet, I muſt own, I did not reliſh very well many of her aſperſions, and I ſoon found I had ſaid enough to awaken her ſuſpicion of my opinion. I am ſenſible that ſhe now looked on me with no better face than ſhe would have put on to Mr. Twiſs himſelf, had he been in the coach.---How changed the ſcene!---How vigilant is jealouſy!—Nothing eſcapes it,---Little will produce it,---yet the world itſelf cannot contain it. It is readily generated from the ſeeds of interrogation,

gation, and ſeldom fails of meeting with ample nouriſhment even in the moſt barren imagination.

A ſullen aſpect now mantled my lady's cheek——and not a word dropped from her lips;—nor did I once diſturb her quiet. She had her humour, and I had mine. A gloomy ſleep next cloſed her eye-lids—I opened the ſaſh and looked about me.

The peaſants and cottagers, both men and women, were buſy in the fields taking up their potatoes. I more than once counted upwards of a ſcore in one field, at that employment.——Some of the women had their children tied on their backs, others were laid on the ground,

ground, at a little diſtance from them, while they followed their work.——The inſtrument they uſe at this work reſembles the common ſpade in England, but its mouth is narrower, and rather longer. When we came near any of them, I always obſerved they left off working———and, reſting their arms upon their ſpades, gazed at us almoſt as far as they could ſee us:——They never indeed appear in a haſte——they work gently, and I am perſuaded an Engliſh farmer would be but ill pleaſed with their days-works.

A ſudden jolt wakened Mrs. O'——, and I was extremely glad to find her ſhort nap had metamorphoſed her features.—She ſtretched

ed herſelf out——yawned a heigho!——ſet her hands on her ſides, and put on a ſmile. Her looks told me——"She was ſorry if ſhe had given offence——but hoped we would be friends again."——I was not far behind in ſignifying to her in like manner, that——"If I had ſaid any thing amiſs, I humbly aſked her pardon."——However this was done without ever a ſyllable from either ſide, and we ſat without many words for ſome time, and I believe, would have continued longer ſo, if another curious ſign had not introduced us to each other;——Introduced? you will ſay,——yes, introduced; for it happened when her good mood was predominant—ſhe turned her beſt ſide towards

towards it——ſhe ſaw it with her naked eye clearly, and not through me darkly. The object was no conſtellation, though I named it a ſign —nor was it indeed a wonder or miracle,——but only theſe four plain words, on a board, at the ſide of a cabin-door (—or chimney, which you will)—"Dry Lodgings and tobacco"——(both ſold here, I ſuppoſe-----). They were profoundly humble lodgings—but whether they were altogether dry, I cannot ſay.—I noticed many ſuch ſigns before I came to Kilkenny: Some had—"Good dry Lodgings"—only; others,—"Good dry Lodgings and Snuff."——In the whole road from Dublin to Kilkenny, univerſal accommodations are to be met with. The beſt

beſt inns are fit for the reception of the greateſt gentlemen, and the worſt cabins will furniſh good dry lodgings for the pooreſt beggar.

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

KILKENNY STAGE-COACH, continued.

SIR,

ABout ſix o'clock in the evening we came to Timolin, where we dined, ſupped, and lodged that night. I found nothing here that attracted my notice, nor do I recollect any thing I ſaw, or any circumſtance that happened, worth relating to you.

Between five and ſix o'clock next morning we ſet forward on our way

to Kilkenny. We ſtopt a few minutes at Carlow, which is a pretty neat town, ſituated on the river Barrow. It is the chief town in the county of the ſame name. The ale that is brewed here, is reputed to be the beſt in Ireland: It is pale—very good, and at a penny a pint, the uſual price. It is ſold in Dublin in bottles. Here are a jail and ſeſſions-houſe; they are both under one roof, near the middle of the town. Before the front is a court-yard, encompaſſed by a low wall, and within this ſpace are other priſons, as ſtocks, a whipping-poſt, a pillory, and ſome others I could not make out the particular uſe of.——Near this town is a quarry of Granite, and, at a little

a little diſtance, one of black marble.

Between Carlow and Leighlin-bridge, you have the river Barrow all the way on your right hand; in ſome places it comes cloſe by the ſide of the road, and adds much to the pleaſantneſs of the country, and completes an agreeable proſpect. There are many hills on both ſides, which, by their beautiful verdure appear to be good ſoil, and have great numbers of cattle feeding upon them. This was the fineſt country I ſaw in Ireland;——the land is naturally good, and the labour of the peaſant cannot be overlooked.

We breakfaſted at Leighlin-bridge. The name of this place is generally pronounced Loughlon-bridge, and is ſometimes written ſo. We were ſhewn into a cold room;——but a ſervant-girl ſoon followed us with materials for a fire. She had in either hand a baſket. I aſked her what ſhe had got there;—"This, ſir, ſaid ſhe,——turning up one of the baſkets towards me—is what we call turf——and this——holding aſide the other baſket——is what we call wood." The turf was of that kind they call hand turf, which is wrought by hand, or with an inſtrument reſembling a brake, after it is dug out of the earth; and then it is cut into ſquare pieces like bricks: This ſort is ſaid to be as good

good as the Dutch turf. The thing ſhe called wood in her other baſket was chips.

In going out of Leighlin-bridge we croſſed the river Barrow on a plain bridge. The river is now on your left hand, and continues within ſight for about half a mile, and then vaniſhes between two hills.

In many fields the corn was yet ſtanding out, and in others were haycocks. One field of hay I noticed was not all mown.

Two neat gentlemen's ſeats preſented themſelves on the right, the one about four, the other ſix miles from Leighlin-bridge. Within two miles of Kilkenny; on the left, is

the moſt antique, whimſical building my eyes ever beheld. Sometimes I fancied it to be a church—at other times a fort—at laſt, the number of chimneys convinced me that it was a dwelling-houſe. It covers much ground—is only one ſtory high—has large gothick windows, with ſtone caſes and pillars——is whited on the outſide—and, to crown all——is covered with ſtraw. Who was the architect I know not—but, if I may hazard a conjecture—perhaps it has been *Nimre*, Noah's grandſon, who built Babylon and Ninevah.

On the right, a little before you enter Kilkenny, is a ſmall building, on a hill, called the Gazabo, or Helſham's Folly. It commands an extenſive

ſive proſpect, and ſeems to have been deſigned for a Summer or banquetting houſe. It was built by a nephew of the late ingenious Dr. Helſham, who is alſo dead.

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

KILKENNY.

SIR,

FROM this road the town of Kilkenny appears to be ſituated in a valley, and is not ſeen till you are very near it. The only object that attracts your eye, at the firſt ſight, is the caſtle, which ſtands on a riſing ground, on the ſouth-ſide of the town. It conſiſts of two circular buildings, connected by an arch, or large coach-way. The circular parts have conical roofs; and on the top of each is a vane and gilt ball. Some other neat buildings may be diſtinguiſhed on the ſlopes, which, on recollecting the common

phraſe

phraſe—"Kilkenny ſtreets are paved with marble"—ſerve to fill the traveller's head with great expectations—he looks for little leſs than a paradiſe,—but he finds himſelf wretchedly diſappointed on entering the town, where he ſtill ſees—Good dry lodgings——many times repeated in paſſing a long, narrow, dirty, ſtreet—built moſtly of morter or mud, ſods, ſtraw, and ſuch-like materials. However he is a little brightened when he advances as far as the new bridge, where is a grand opening, decorated with ſome neat buildings.

The town is interſected, in two places, by the river Noer; over which are two neat bridges.—Between the river and canal is a pleaſant walk ornamented with trees. The canal is not completed, nor perhaps never will,

as

as it has, for ſome years, been entirely neglected. While they were carrying it on with much ſpirit, an inundation unfortunately ſwept away one of the bridges, and, money not being over-plentiful, the caſh already ſubſcribed for making the canal was applied to the building of a new bridge.

There is but one pariſh-church, beſides the cathedral, in Kilkenny; and theſe ſeem to be ſufficient, as the greater part of the inhabitants are Roman-catholics.

On Sunday morning (November 3d) I was deſirous of going to church. I was at a private lodging-houſe, in a very decent family—I reſpected them much. I enquired if any lodger, or any of the family, were going to church—O yes—many—Miſs F—— for one was

was going—very well—ſhe was ready—ſo much the better:—I ſoon got ready, and we ſet forward *tete-a-tete*. After we had gone a little way together, I inquired of my fair companion to which of the churches ſhe was going—ſhe ſtartled—and looked—as if I had frighted her—Nay! was I not going to maſs?—p-x on your maſs, thought I, and you too! This is the conſequence of being led by a woman—I wiſhed myſelf back, and overhead in bed again a hundred times.—Here we ſtood—in the public ſtreet—each gazed at the other—and both looked like you will eaſily gueſs what. After we had recovered a little from our embarraſſment, and our features had pretty well reaſſumed their natural form, I deſired the lady to direct me the way to the cathedral—ſhe did, very civilly, ſo we exchanged a good morning and parted.

The

The cathedral, in the whole, is not beautiful; it has neatneſs, but is deſtitute of grandeur. The ſervice began at eleven o'clock, and ended at one. The organ is a pretty good one; on the ſide of it, in the ſame gallery, ſix or eight boys were ſitting with ſurplices on—ſome of them had neither ſtocking nor ſhoe on—they ſung Sternhold and Hopkins to the Magdalen-chapel tunes. The congregation was remarkably ſmall, and, in general, paltry. I noticed ſome handicrafts with their aprons tied about them, and others that had them tucked up by a corner——In returning home, I could not, without ſome difficulty, paſs along a part of the High-ſtreet, near the Tholſel, for a croud of men and women aſſembled there, dreſſed in their working habits, and

each

each with a tool like a ſpade. On inquiry, I was told, they were ſtanding there to be hired by the Peaſants, for the Week, to take up potatoes: And this it ſeems is the practice every Sunday during the reaping ſeaſon.

Neceſſaries, of almoſt every kind, are cheap here. Fine wheat-flour was then ſold at ſeven-pence and eight-pence a ſtone;——Beef and Mutton at two-pence a pound;—Fowls both wild and tame, are in great plenty, and generally ſold at moderate prices; and the Country abounds with Hares.——The horned cattle reſemble thoſe of Cheſhire. The ſheep are of a middle ſize, and the Mutton is

of an exceeding fine flavour. It is common in England to ſee a pudding within a roaſt Hare, but here it is quite the reverſe; they roaſt the Hare within a pudding, much in the ſame manner as we do other Veniſon.

Near the town are many Coal-pits, and ſome Marble-quarries. The Coal is of a very extraordinary quality: It produces no ſmoke, or very little, in burning, but ſends out a ſtrong ſulphurine vapour, which is often prejudicial, when their funnels do not draw well. But perhaps this may not be wholly an effect of the pernicious matter given out by the Coal, but partly a conſequence of the aduſt air in the room;

room; and I often thought the mouth of their chimnies were but ill-contrived for carrying off the light air and vapours. It is not ſo inflammable as Newcaſtle Coal, but it is more durable. The firſt or morning fire, as they call it, laſts till about two o'clock in the afternoon, when it is made up again, by fixing in freſh coals between the bars, and laying the ſmall on the top, and that without any aſſiſtance or ſtirring, will ſerve till about ten at night. Some have funnels of tin fixed on the tops of their chimneys. Theſe are of two parts, the whole forming a kind of an inverted L, which having a joint in the angle, the upper or horizontal part turns round like a vane, and by that

means avoids ſudden guſts of wind, and more freely emits the vapours, which otherwiſe might be forced down again. A contrivance of this kind would probably be of good uſe for curing ſmoky Houſes, and, as it is recommended by Mr. Emmerſon, in his Miſcellaneous Tracts, I ſuppoſe it has been tried, and has anſwered the purpoſe, elſe, I am perſuaded, it had never appeared in any Work of that celebrated Author's.——— The Coals are ſold in Kilkenny at nine pence or ten-pence a hundred weight, which is nearly equal to four-pence a buſhel.

I have read ſomewhere, that Kilkenny enjoys the four Elements

ments in perfection, which is verſified thus:

Fire without Smoke, and Earth without Bog,
Water without Mud, and Air without Fog.

Ireland abounds in Bogs, Lakes, Rivulets, and Springs, all which together with the beautiful Verdure of the ſurface, proceed perhaps entirely from the moiſture of the Climate, and the Temperature of the Air. But the county of Kilkenny is one of the few that is exempt from Bogs, at leaſt they are not ſo numerous there as in moſt others, and near the town in particular no ſuch thing as a real Bog is to be found, which is owing to a ſtratum of Gravel

and Stones, lying next under a thin covering of Soil on the Surface. And this diſpoſition I likewiſe take to be at leaſt one cauſe of the pellucidity of the Water. But I had all along, from my firſt ſetting foot in the iſland, obſerved, That the Waters iſſuing from the Springs were generally not ſo clear as the Spring-water is commonly ſeen in England; and therefore, this like the former, being a rare Phenomenon in Ireland, has been particularly remarked, and far too univerſally underſtood.

I was aſſured poſitively, That in and about Kilkenny they never have any Fogs. Yet, I do not at all doubt, but that, in every

every Seaſon of the Year, eſpecially in Winter, the clouds are at different heights, from different Cauſes; but then I underſtand, they are never diſcovered to be ſo low as in many other places, nor to be connected with any viſible exhalations aſcending from the ſurface of the Earth. If this be true, as I believe it is, the quality of the exhalations, and the ſituation of the place, will be the principal, if not the only Cauſes. The narrow Vale along which the river runs, opening wide juſt by the ſide of the town, muſt contribute much to the clearing away of moiſt Vapours, and to rendering the Air more pure and wholeſome.

The

The Marble which is in great plenty here is black ſtreaked with white. It bears an exceeding fine Poliſh, and is the common material for chimney pieces. The Pillars (inſtead of Poſts which guard the ſide, or foot, Walks, in the Streets, are of Marble; and, for ought I know the Stones in the pavements are rough Marble. The ſtreets are generally well paved, but are poſſeſt of no peculiar elegance that I could ſee. Moſt of the common (or cobble) ſtones or thoſe dug out of the Earth for common uſe, are either a ſpecies of, or nearly reſemble, Marble. Out of a ſtone-wall, which ſeparates in one place the River and Canal, I numbered at random ſeveral parcels

cels of ſtones, and found the proportion of thoſe of Marble to thoſe of other ſorts, as thirteen to one.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

A Deſcription of the CAVERNS *near* KILKENNY.

SIR,

AT a little diſtance from the town are a number of caverns, which, by the inhabitants, are eſteemed the greateſt curioſities of the kind in the world. But whether they who gave me this information of them had either ſeen or read of thoſe at Antiparos, and ſome others, I know not—— I ſuppoſe they never had. They

are

are near the Park-houſe of Donmore, and are deſcribed by an ingenious Gentleman, who lately viſited them, in the following words:

" After a difficult deſcent of about one hundred feet, the entrance into this ſubterraneous world is gained. The appearance of the firſt Cavern is uncommonly awful, and gives riſe to an idea of a grand Gothick Structure in ruins. The ſolemnity of this place is not a little encreaſed by the gaiety of thoſe ſcenes which preſent themſelves on every ſide, previous to our entering it. The floor is uneven, and ſtones of various ſizes are promiſcuouſly diſperſed upon it. The ſides are compoſed of ragged

ged work in ſome places covered with moſs, and in others curiouſly froſted; and from the roof, which is a kind of arch, ſeveral huge rocks project beyond each other in ſuch a manner that they ſeem to threaten inſtant ruin.

The circumference of this Cave is not leſs than two hundred feet, and its height above fifty. Here is a ſmall but continually dropping water from the cieling, and a few petrefactions reſembling iſicles. This place is not deſtitute of inhabitants; for immediately on entering into into it you are ſurprized with a confuſed noiſe, which is occaſioned by a multitude of wild pigeons. Hence there is a paſſage towards the left, where, by a ſmall aſcent, a kind of hole is gained, much larger, but in form greatly reſem-

reſembling the mouth of an oven, which introduces the ſpectator to a place, where, by the help of candles, (day-light being entirely excluded) a broken and ſurprizing ſcene of monſtrous ſtones heaped on each other, chequered with various colours, inequality of rocks overhead, and an infinity of ſtalactical ſtones, preſents itſelf. Nature, one would imagine, deſigned the firſt Cave as a preparative for what remains to be ſeen; by it the eye is familiarized to uncommon and awful objects, and the mind tolerably fortified againſt thoſe ideas which reſult from a combination of appearances, unthought of, ſurprizing and menacing. The ſpectator flatters himſelf that he has nothing to behold more awful, nor any

thing more dangerous to meet, than what he finds in the firſt cavern—but he ſoon diſcovers his miſtake; for the bare want of that light which dreſſes nature with gaiety, is alone ſufficient to render the ſecond far more dreadful. In the firſt he fancies ruin frowns upon him from ſeveral Parts; but in this it is threatened from a thouſand vaſt rocks rudely piled on each other, that compoſe the ſides, which ſeem bending in; and a multitude, of no ſmaller ſize, are pendant from the Roof, in the moſt extraordinary manner: Add to this, that, by one falſe ſtep, he would be daſhed from precipice to precipice. Indeed it would be a Matter of much difficulty, or rather impracticable, to walk over this apartment, had not nature,

nature, as if ſtudious for the ſafety of the curious, cauſed Branches, as it were, to ſhoot from the ſurface of the rocks, which are remarkably ſmooth, very unequal, and always damp. Theſe branches are from four to ſix inches in length, and nearly as thick. They are uſeful on the ſummits of the rocks to prevent ſlipping, and in the ſides are ladders, whereby to deſcend and aſcend with tolerable facility. This aſtoniſhing amfractuous paſſage leads to a place far more curious than the reſt. On entering into it, one is almoſt induced to believe oneſelf ſituated in an ancient temple, decorated with all the expence of art; yet, notwithſtanding the beauty and ſplendor that catches the eye on every ſide, there is ſome-

thing of ſolemnity in the faſhion of the place, which muſt be felt by the moſt inattentive ſpectator. The floor, in ſome parts, is covered with a cryſtalline ſubſtance; the ſides, in many places, are incruſted with the ſame, wrought in a taſte not unlike the Gothick ſtyle of ornament, and the top is almoſt entirely covered with inverted pyramids of the ſame elegantly white and lucid matter. At the points of theſe ſtalactical ſtreets are perpetually hanging drops of pellucid water, for when one falls another ſucceeds. Theſe pendant gems contribute not a little to the glory of the roof, which, when the place is properly illuminated, appears as if formed of the pureſt cryſtal. Here are three extraordinary and beautiful congela-

tions,

tions, which, without the aſſiſtance of a ſtrong imagination, may be taken for an organ, altar, and croſs. The former, except when ſtrictly examined, appears to be a regular work of art, and is of a conſiderable ſize; the ſecond is of a ſimple form, rather long than ſquare; and the third reaches from the floor to the roof, which muſt be about twenty feet. Theſe curious figures are owing to water that falls from the upper parts of the cave to the ground, which coagulated into ſtone from time to time, till it acquired thoſe forms which are now ſo pleaſing; or to an exſudation or extillation of petrefying juices out of the earth; or perhaps they partake of the nature of ſpar, which is a kind of rock-plant.

The former ſeems the moſt probable ſuppoſition, as theſe figures, in colour and conſiſtence, appear exactly like the iſicles on the top, which are only ſeen from the wet parts of the caverns; and, in this place, there is a greater oozing of water, and a much larger number of petrefactions, than in any other. When you quit this curious apartment, the guides lead you for a conſiderable way through winding places, until a glimmering light agreeably ſurprizes. Here the journey, of above a quarter of a mile, through thoſe parts is ended: But, upon returning into the firſt cavern, the entrance into other apartments, leſs curious indeed, but as extenſive as thoſe we have deſcribed, offers itſelf. The paſſages

into

into ſome of theſe are ſo very low, that there is a neceſſity of creeping through them; by theſe we proceed until the noiſe of a ſubterraneous river is heard, but farther none have ventured."

Sir,

Yours, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

Further Remarks and Occurrences in the County of KILKENNY.

SIR,

THIS County ſupplies Dublin with a great quantity of wheat, or rather wheat-flour, which is packed up in ſacks, and conveyed on cars.———Walking one Day by the ſide of the river, near ſome corn-mills, I was met by a flour-car; the driver, who was ſeated on the thill, was a mean-looking, ragged youth. Juſt as I had paſſed him, he accidently dropped

ped his rod out of his hand; when another youth, of nearly the ſame complexion with himſelf, coming along the Road, readily ſtepped aſide, took up the rod, and, very politely, preſented it to its owner. This occaſioned many compliments. Monſieur himſelf could not have made a better leg than the preſenter. Each waved his hat—— bowed—— recovered—— turned —— then parted and covered. ——Inſtances of this ſort may be obſerved hourly in the ſtreets of Kilkenny; which ſhew that they are before-hand with their neighbours, the Engliſh, in the fine art of politeneſs, how far ſoever they may fall behind in other arts and ſciences.

Learning,

Learning, I believe, is much neglected in moſt parts of Ireland; at leaſt it is not purſued with ſo much ardor as in England. There are indeed ſome good ſchools in the iſland, and it is well known they have ſent out ſcholars that yield not the palm to any in Europe. At Kilkenny is a flouriſhing ſchool, eſtabliſhed upon a Plan ſimilar to that at Weſtminſter. Many diſtinguiſhed perſons now living received the rudiments of their education at this ſchool. One of the beſt orators perhaps in the Britiſh parliament was educated here.——And it was here I was firſt informed of the Longitude being found out in Ireland;—that the gentleman who had diſcovered (or rather compleated) it, reſided moſtly, and was then

in

in Dublin———that he wrote to Lord Sandwich about a year ago, informing him of the important invention, and had received an anſwer, requeſting his attendance at the board of Longitude in London, at the next meeting——but that he refuſed to comply with the propoſal, on account of no, or at leaſt inadequate, premium offered him in hand. The method of performing this great work was hit upon many years ago by a gentleman in Dublin,—he purſued it with ſingular application, till remorſeleſs Time diſqualified him for the celeſtial taſk;———Death ſoon after cloſed the ſcene—and the common terreſtrial portion was his lot at laſt. But fortunately his labours were not buried with him.

The

The whole affair was communicated to a friend—the gentleman now poſſeſſed of the ſecret, who has, by a like aſſiduity, completed the work —the principal deſideratum in the whole circle of human learning. But I am much afraid that this, like many other attempts which have vaniſhed long before it, will at laſt prove but a phantom: For it is a lamentable truth—that in matters of ſo important and difficult a nature, men are often puſhed forward, and even blinded, by a kind of preſumptive and ſelf-conceited zeal, which demonſtration itſelf can hardly ſtop the career of. And, in the caſe before us, one would think that the premiums propoſed in the act were alone ſufficient, without any other proviſion, to incite

incite ſolid merit to unfold its contents. Rational truth will not ſeek for more, and it is ſure of meeting with no leſs. But the vain imaginer is terrified with the very thoughts of an open examination —he then finds a doubt where before he looked for no ſuch thing —— and his chimerical fabrick is ſhaken to the very foundation, even in his own breaſt, before it is aſſailed, But I do not ſay, that this of which I am ſpeaking is a chimera; nor do I poſitively affirm it is not—— I only hope it is not. The author, who is in great reputation in Dublin for his learning, ſeems to be thoroughly convinced of its truth and utility; and if it proves ſo eaſy and practicable as he announces it to be, his name will be remembered

and revered as long as the world endures.

I have now nothing more to add from this quarter. But as you may reaſonably ſuppoſe that I have heard ſomething about theſe ſeditious people commonly known by the name of *Whiteboys*, who infeſt this and ſome of the neighbouring counties; I will therefore give you an account of them, from Mr. Twiſs's Tour, which I always found to correſpond with the reſults of my own inquiries about them.

" The Counties of Kilkenny, Waterford, Wexford and Carlow, are over-run with ruffians called Whiteboys. Theſe are peaſants, who do not chooſe to pay tythes

or

or taxes, and who in the night-time aſſemble, ſometime to the number of many hundreds, on horſe-back, and on foot, well armed, and with ſhirts over their cloaths, from whence their denomination is derived, when they ſtroll about the country, firing houſes and barns, burying people alive in the ground, cutting their noſes and ears off, and committing other barbarities on their perſons. The objects of their revenge and cruelty are chiefly tythe and tax gatherers, and landlords who attempt to raiſe their rents; they never rob; neither do they moleſt travellers. Rewards of forty and fifty pounds are continually advertiſed in the papers for apprehending any one of them; and from time to time a few of theſe

deluded Wretches (as the advertiſements term them) are hanged, and eſcorted to the gallows by a regiment of ſoldiers. Excommunications are likewiſe read againſt them by their prieſts from the pulpit; but as they are ſo numerous it is not likely that they will be ſoon extirpated." ——He adds further—" A few years ago, a like ſet of inſurgents, who wore oak-leaves in their hats, and called themſelves *Oakboys*, roſe in the North of Ireland. Thoſe gentry refuſed paying the tythe of their potatoes, telling their prieſts that they ought to be ſatisfied with their tythe of what grew above ground. The diſturbances which they cauſed are now at an end; as I was informed that they carried their point by being ſo numerous,

merous; and that at preſent their potatoes are tythe-free."

On Monday, November 4th, I left Kilkenny, and reached Dublin the evening of the next Day.

Sir,

Your, &c.

LETTER XIV.

Miſcellaneous Obſervations——on the peculiar CUSTOMS, *&c. of the* IRISH.

SIR,

I Will now cloſe my account of Ireland with informing you of ſuch ſingular cuſtoms of the people, as came to my knowledge from the people themſelves, without paying any regard to what others have, or might have, written on the ſubjects.

I. The

I. The extravagant and univerſal uſe of potatoes is ſo well known, that I might very well paſs it over without ever a word, and without much impropriety; but as I was ſo often ſerved with them, in their native hue, and in ſuch huge quantities, which far exceeded all that I had ſuggeſted from previous intelligence, you muſt permit me to add a little to the current Account. Theſe are always ſerved up unpeeled——each Perſon at the table peeling his own, if he chooſes them ſo,——but ſome do not take that trouble, but only cut them into Quarters, and lay them by the ſides of their plates in the place of bread. The ladies (—— to be ſure!——) always peel their potatoes

potatoes———and, moſt politely, depoſite them (ſmoaking hot) on the cloth, by their plates. The firſt time I was treated in this manner, I confeſs I could hardly keep my temper——daubing one's fingers———ſeeing the Table ſtrewed all over with peelings ——— which often catch you by the arm or hand———In ſhort, I looked upon myſelf as a partner in a ſcene of genuine ſluttery. But a little further experience taught me to expect no better: The diſappointment indeed was ſoon taken off, but the diſagreeableneſs ſtill remained the ſame. There is nothing to be met in the whole iſland, I will venture to affirm, in which an Engliſhman cuts ſo bad a figure, as in this of *peeling his*

his potatoes. If he be an entire ſtranger in the country, and not of a very cool, harmleſs nature——— he is certainly diſguſted while he has his potatoe on his fork;——— but if he is inclined in the leaſt to a wag———ten to one but he burſts out into open laughter during the operation.———The apology made for this filthy cuſtom, which they very know is not agreeable to moſt foreigners, is extremely delicate and convincing— They tell you, that they do not think it proper to let their potatoes go through the ſervants' dirty fingers; and beſides, by keeping them in the peeling, they retain their heat longer.

II. Boiled

II. Boiled eggs to tea in the morning, is a cuſtom almoſt as univerſal as potatoes at dinner——— and to this I give my moſt cordial approbation. An egg or two, or ſometimes three or four, are eaten to toaſt, or bread and butter, or ſaffron wigs; after which they drink their tea. They ſeem to be exceedingly careful (and they are in the right) in chooſing their eggs freſh.———Eggs are very plentiful in Ireland, even in Dublin. In ſome places, in the ſpring, they are ſo cheap as ten or twelve a penny.

III. I never ſaw but one pudding while I was in the country. They cenſure, and even affect to deride the Engliſh for reſtraining fleſh from their children, and feeding them

them with pudding. I do not know whether this language is agreeable to the doctrine of their phyſicians——but I believe it will concord with the general opinion of the people. They hold it ſacred to keep their children to their athletic ſtate,—— and to be ſure they have ſenſe enough to love themſelves. What avails ſelf-denial——or pale faced temperance?——Nothing but to reduce a man (an Iriſhman) to a child ——to an aſs——to worſe, to a ſkeleton.——Avaunt, ſuch ghaſtly ſpectres!——ſuch meagre deities!——Give Hibernia's ſons plenty——a ſolid round of beef, and a big-bellied bottle——theſe are the gods for them! But, ſeriouſly, as long as this way of thinking

ing prevails in Ireland, or indeed in any other country, that country in my Opinion never will make any figure in the more ſubſtantial and ſerious part of the world.

IV. The peaſants' houſes are, in general, but little better than the cabins. The difference conſiſts in the former having a chimney, or a hole in the roof——a window of about a foot ſquare, in the front, and a whited outſide, in imitation of their tyrannic lord's. And this cuſtom of whiting the outſides of their houſes, to me ſeems to be well ſuited to the fine verdure ſo peculiarly diſtinguiſhed in this iſland. But, better would it be for thoſe poor, laborious, and, permit me to ſay, *honourable*, ſet of people, and the

the country in general, were the inſides of their huts more ſeriouſly attended to:——Hunger and ſtarvation are too often to be found within. The Poliſh peaſants, I verily believe, live better, and are more looked upon, than thoſe neglected, miſerable beings. The primary cauſe of this wretchedneſs lies in the owners of the lands—— in their not reſiding in the country, who therefore find it more agreeable to let out their eſtates in large parcels or farms to other gentlemen of leſs fortune, who are thence uſually diſtinguiſhed by the appellation of *Leaſe-holders*. Theſe gentlemen (——terrible gentlemen!) let out the lands in ſmall farms, to poor tenants, who are, by contract, obliged to build their own

houſes, and fit up ſuch other conveniences as they find wanting and neceſſary. But theſe conveniences are only temporary—— contrived to endure juſt the length of their term, and no longer; and by this means each ſucceeding tenant enters on the premiſes as his predeceſſor did before him.——After this narration, I will not preſume to draw you out of the evident inferences——the conſequence of the want of food, it is plain, is real hunger, and that of cloths is literal ſtarvation——but let theſe ſuffice——the reflection is painful to me. One thing, however, I cannot forbear to lament—— That thoſe non-reſidents are not taxed. It has been agitated, I know,

know, and I hope it will go forward. That would be ſtriking at the very root of many diſorders and calamities now raging amongſt them, and would conduce much to improvements of every kind.

V. There is a very rude, and not leſs extraordinary uſage, yet practiſed in Ireland, which, one might ſuppoſe would ſeem too prepoſterous even to a Muſſulman in this age of the World. It is this—When a Man is in love with a Woman, but is repulſed by her relations, he often has recourſe to the following ſtratagem:—He cauſes a report to be ſpread in the neighbourhood, that he intends to carry her off

(——not to Gretna-green——— but to where he pleaſes—). This ſeldom fails of gaining the point. He is now permitted to pay his addreſſes without interruption, and is generally looked on by the whole family as a true and ſincere lover. When this is the caſe, matters are ſoon ſettled, and all ends in peace and unity: But if he falls ſhort by this menace, a ſet of ruffians are employed to execute the wicked project, who watch an opportunity of laying hold of the young woman———ſhe is forcibly carried off, ſhe knows not whither and the brutal uſage afterwards met with, ſhe perhaps never returns to relate.—I knew not of any ſuch cuſtom till I came into Dublin,

Dublin, nor did I pay much regard to the ſtory, till I became acquainted with one who unfortunately knew it too well.

VI. Of all the peculiarities to be found in Ireland, the moſt ſurprizing is that of the country being freed from venomous animals of every kind. The truth of this exemption has been queſtioned, and by ſome flatly denied; but it is a fact beyond all doubt. The reaſon remains yet a ſecret; it has hitherto fallen without the reach of all the writers who have mentioned it—— and it has yet eluded all my beſt endeavours, though I ſtill retain ſome hope, that, with a few hints from any gentleman acquainted with moſt parts of the iſland, and who

has turned his thoughts that way, the matter may be expounded, and the whole perhaps clearly accounted for.

There are five packets which ſail between Dublin and Holyhead. This is the commoneſt track from Dublin to London, as well as to moſt other places in England, and I believe it is one of the ſafeſt; but to or from the ſouthmoſt counties, the beſt way is in one of the yachts which ſail between Milford and Waterford;——and from any part of Scotland, or the county of Northumberland, the Donaghadee and Portpatrick Sloop will be moſt convenient, as well as the ſpeedieſt and ſafeſt paſſage,——the time on the ſea, at this place, is ſeldom more

more than three hours, and I could not hear of one ſingle misfortune that had ever happened to any paſſenger.

On the tenth of November I embarked in the Beſborough packet, and in ten or eleven hours arrived ſafe at Holyhead.

Sir,

Yours, affectionately.

LETTER

LETTER XVII.

WALES,——viz. The Iſland of Angleſey,—Carnarvonſhire,—Denbighſhire,—Flintſhire,—to Cheſter.

SIR,

AT Holyhead are two genteel Inns, at either of which a ſtage-coach is always ready to take up Paſſengers from the packets. In theſe coaches you are conveyed to Cheſter in two days, and for thirty ſhillings;——the diſtance is ninety-three miles. From Cheſter you have to make out your own particular road, and are at liberty to chooſe

chooſe your carriage, or any other mode of travelling. This Iſland (Angleſey) is twenty-five miles over, meaſured along the road from Holyhead to Bangor Ferry. The other particular places and diſtances I remarked were the following:

	Miles.
From Holyhead to Bangor Ferry	25
Thence to Bangor —	2
—— Penmaen Maur	11
—— Conway —	8
—— Burtree-hill	3
—— Penmaen Roſs	5
—— Abergely —	4
—— Rilland Marſh	2
—— St. Aſaph —	5
—— Holywell —	10
—— Cheſter ——	18
From Holyhead to Cheſter	93

On

On coming to the Inn, in Holyhead, on Sunday night, whither we were conducted by the Boatmen who ſet us aſhore, we were ſaluted by muſic and dancing. As I could not make out what kind of an inſtrument it could be, having never heard ſuch muſic before, I intimated a deſire of being introduced into the room, but, on being informed by the Waiter, that it was a ſelect company of gentlemen and ladies, who had come in the ſtage that day, and were intending to proceed in the packet to Dublin the next day, I returned to my own companions, and took no further thought about them. The inſtrument, I was told, was a Welſh Harp; an inſtrument peculiar to the country, and agreeable enough to the ear.

—Next

——Next morning, after breakfaſt, we proceeded on our journey. We had not got far before we were met by three of Sir John Fielding's Men,——and on inquiry it appeared, that they were purſuing thoſe very gentry who, the night before, had been ſo exceedingly happy.——Good God!——of what a texture are the minds of ſome people!—Compoſed and eaſy in the very lap of wickedneſs.——Where was conſcience?——Conſcience had not been within.——But alas!—if he had—what could he have done, when ſuperannuated—feeble--forlorn—nay, in all probability, turned quite out of doors?——Alas, poor conſcience!——When this is the caſe—when that fine perception, plant-

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ed by the wiſe author of our nature, is loſt,———when religion morality, and calm reaſon, are not permitted to ſit in the judgment-ſeat of the heart, that is, when conſcience is not allowed to reign in full majeſty,——then is the little republic completely overturned, and the man is loſt to all ſociety, as well as to himſelf—perhaps for ever——and for ever ——.

In travelling over this iſland, nothing material preſented itſelf. The only thing I noticed was on our right-hand, four or five miles from Holyhead. The tide was flowing, and the wind at ſouth-weſt. The breakers ſtriking with great force againſt the large rocks, flew high up in the air, ſo that the whole ſhore

ſhore appeared as if decked with foaming pyramids of the reſtleſs Ocean. But to underſtand this the better, we muſt conſider, That, at moſt places on the Engliſh ſide of the channel, the tides riſe very rapidly, and very high—to a much greater height than they do on the Iriſh ſide. For inſtance, at Holyhead the tide flows nearly twenty feet, at Conway, in Denbighſhire, it flows eighteen feet: but on the oppoſite ſide it ſeldom riſes more ten feet in any harbour. And therefore when the tide is flowing, and the wind blows on the land, the percuſſion againſt the rocks is then great, and the reſiſtance being equal to it, that is, equal to the momentum of the wave, the water is thereby daſhed violently into the air, and

the ſpray appears in ſuch variety of ſhapes and colours, that the ſcene is very entertaining and beautiful.

The iſland, as far as I could view it, ſeems to be of a remarkably duſky complexion. There are numbers of barren, rocky, mountains, always in ſight from the road, and ſometimes marſhes. But it is already well known, and I can add but little to the deſcriptions, or to your entertainment.

We came to the Boathouſe, which is on the Angleſey ſide, in little more than five hours. The annual rent of the privilege of this boat, is four hundred pounds. Whence we may conclude, as each paſſenger pays one ſhilling, and allowing fif-

ty

ty pounds for the ſubſiſtence of the tenant, and the number of people who paſs and repaſs this way every year is about nine thouſand.——After ferrying over, another carriage was ready for our reception at the Inn on the other ſide, which conveyed us to Conway, where we took up our lodgings. The new road along Penmaen Maur was then completed, and is every way much preferable to the old road. It coſt two thouſand pounds, and was made in purſuance of an act which was obtained in the year 1769.

The next morning, pretty early, we proceeded on our journey.—From Burtree-hill is an extenſive proſpect; but the Air was ſo exceſſively cold on it, that I could

find but little pleaſure in looking about me.

Penmaen Roſs is a mountain conſiſting of one entire rock.

Juſt after riſing up a hill, from the pleaſant village of Abergely, Rilland Marſh appeared on the left hand. It is about four miles from Eaſt to Weſt, and upwards of two from the Sea to the foot of the Hill along which we were paſſing. It is very even, and the eye takes in the whole at one view.

St. Aſaph is a very pleaſant ſituation, on a fine plain; there is a ſmall river, over which is a plain bridge of five arches.

Between

Between St. Aſaph and Holywell are many Lead-mines on both ſides of the road.

Holywell conſiſts of three principal ſtreets, which branch out from the market-place, as from a center. We entered the town at the Weſt ſtreet;——turned a little to the right out of the market-place into the South-weſt ſtreet——leaving the North-ſtreet on our left hand. At the foot, or extreme, of the North ſtreet, is the celebrated Spring known by the name of St. *Winefred*'s *Well.* As this is the place where dinner is commonly provided for the paſſengers, I employed a few leiſure minutes in viſiting the Well. I had no need of making much inquiry for the road to it-----there

are generally people ſtanding ready about the Inn to guide you in the way, if you are a ſtranger and have no idea of its ſituation;----but theſe Conductors are not eaſily ſatisfied for their trouble though the labour might be abridged to ten words, and a ſlight motion with the right hand;------but that is a ſpecies of wit incompatible with avarice-----the means would ſubvert the ends. Avarice is always officious, and profuſely laviſh in words and little complimental actions,---theſe are its peculiar characteriſtics----and by theſe it is always known, and eaſily detected.------But to return,------many attendants are likewiſe conſtantly ſtationed at the Well ——One with a beaker glaſs preſents

ſents you with a draught of the water.——Another expatiates on its virtues———gives you a long detail of the many wonderful Cures performed by the uſe of it, and concludes with a catalogue of the annual and caſual Viſitants who come thither to bathe, and drink the water,——and, in this account, you are ſure of hearing the names of Dr. Solander and Mr. Banks perhaps more than once mentioned. A third perſon has papers explaining the origin, &c. of the Spring, and theſe they ſell at ſixpence (if poſſible) or three-pence (if you pleaſe.)—The following account is the ſubſtance of one of thoſe deſcriptive papers which are ſold at the place.

" The

"The riſe of St. Winefred's well is by ſome accounted a miracle, and related as follows:——That in the year 700 lived *Winefred*, a virgin of extraordinary ſanctity, who made a vow of chaſtity during life, and dedicated herſelf to the ſervice of God.—A Heathen prince named *Cradoc*, having often attempted Winefred's chaſtity in vain, met her ſome time after upon the top of the hill near Holywell church, and ſtruck off her head, which, rolling down the hill, was taken up by the prieſt of Holywell, who being a favourite of the Almighty's, did by divine aſſiſtance, replace the head on Winefred's ſhoulders, who was thereby reſtored to life, and lived fifteen years afterwards.—— the preſent looſe and degenerate age, many

many may reckon this relation fabulous; but, if it be conſidered, that the Old and New Teſtaments furniſh us with many ſurprizing and miraculous things, done by the power of God and Chriſt, there can be no diſpute at leaſt as to the poſſibility of it.——That, at the very inſtant Winefred was reſtored to life, this Spring aroſe, in that very place, no doubt in order to perpetuate the memory of ſo great a miracle, which cauſed the chriſtian religion to increaſe in a very extraordinary manner, and Winefred being made a ſaint, the holy prieſt of Holywell named the Spring *St. Winefred*'s *Well*; and indeed the waters ſeem to be of a ſingular nature, and not to be excelled; for, from the original riſe of this Spring

to

to this day, the water, by bathing therein, performs wonderful cures: —It heals thoſe troubled with the Leproſy, and many other diſeaſes; reſtores the lame to the uſe of their limbs, as well as the blind to their ſight, and ſtrengthens ſuch as are recovered of the ſmall-pox. The phyſicians are of opinion the water is of that excellent nature as not to be equalled in the univerſe; which has cauſed ſo great reſort, that, from a few houſes, Holywell is increaſed to a large Market-town of fine buildings, ſufficient to entertain the greateſt number of people, and the bathing is every way rendered as agreeable as at any other Wells or Baths.

" Here

"Here it may not be improper to take notice of what to ſome people may ſeem incredible, but the truth of what is offered will at any time be demonſtrated to the curious; that is, that by the gauge the Baſon and Well hold about two hundred and forty tons of water, which, when let out, fill again in leſs than two minutes. The experiment was tried for a wager, on Tueſday the 12th of July, 1731; Mr. Price, the rector of Holywell, Mr. Williams, Mr. Wynne, Dr. Taylor, and many other gentlemen of Holywell, as well as ſtrangers, and the writer of this relation, being preſent; when, to the ſurprize of the company, the Well and Baſon filled in leſs than two minutes; which plainly ſhews that this ſpring raiſes

raiſes more than *one hundred tuns* of water every minute. And although the water in the baſon is more than four feet deep, it is ſo tranſparent that a ſmall piece of money, or a pin, may be ſeen at the bottom. The water riſes up in the Well as if it were in a Brewer's boiler and violently agitated by heat.

"In the bottom of the baſon are ſeveral large pebble ſtones, which, to the eye, appear as if beſprinkled or beſmeared with blood; one of theſe ſtones has ſometimes the reſemblance of a flower-pot when bedecked with the choiceſt flowers.

"The Water iſſuing from the Well turns three Mill a-breaſt, in View,

view, and ſeveral other mills below them never want water.

We attained Cheſter before ſeven o'clock, and the next morning proceeded to Mancheſter;—the next day we attained Leeds,—the following day Boroughbridge, and the next following, being the ſixteenth of November, we arrived in Durham.

I am, dear Uncle,

Yours, &c.

R M. E.

THE END.